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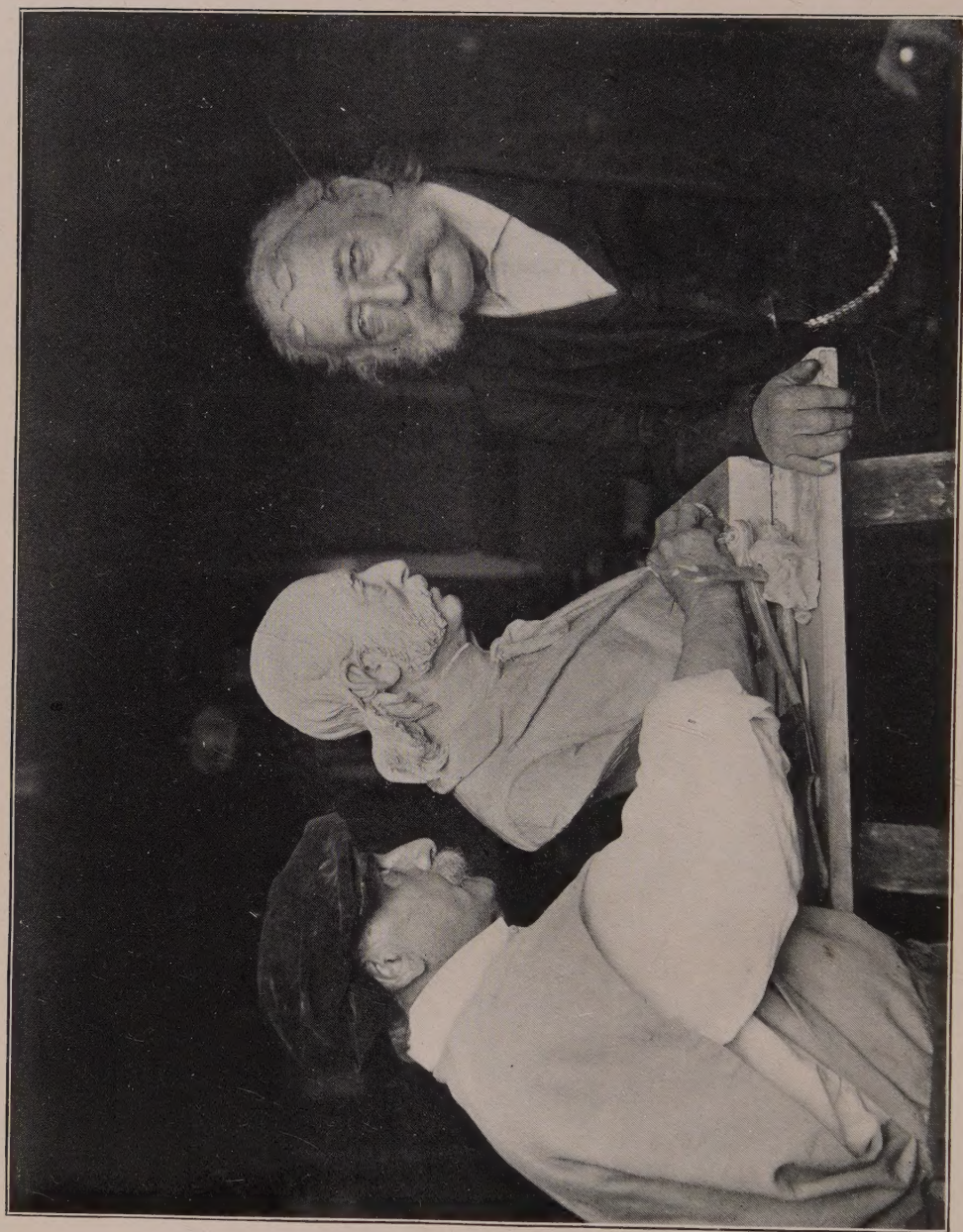
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RABBI ISAAC M. WISE AND SCULPTOR EZEKIEL

J E W S I N A R T

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SOPHIE M. COLLMANN

CINCINNATI
S. BACHARACH
1909

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TO
THE CHILDREN OF
YOUNG ISRAEL

PREFACE.

From time immemorial the Jews have distinguished themselves in music and letters; but their invasion of the field of art is of comparatively recent date. Once there, however, they have shown their strength and today the Jewish sculptors and painters are in the foremost rank. Every Jewish boy and girl should know something about these men and their work and it is for this reason that the following little stories have been written and gathered into a book.

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J E W S I N A R T .

ISRAËLS.

LITTLE JOSEF ISRAËLS was the best Hebrew scholar in the class, and his greatest pleasure was to pore by the hour over the magic pages of the Talmud and the wonderful Bible stories of the judges and kings in the long ago. Then cold, gray Holland would vanish away and he was back in old Judea among the flocks and folds on the hillsides, or in the high-walled cities, with vineyards and olive groves creeping up to the very foot of the towers. He saw the armies marching through the streets, bringing back spoils won from the Philistines and the people shouted for joy. King Saul, however, up in his palace was not joyful. His brow was sad and his mind troubled and his servants tried in vain to cheer him. Then they called the shepherd lad David to play before him, and at the sweet strains of the harp the king forgot his cares and felt his heart once more grow light. And Josef saw other kings in their greatness, and he saw the great cedar trees dragged through the streets and watched the workmen as they built the temple and made it a marvel of beauty inside and out.

Then, when Josef closed his book and found himself once more in his home town of Groningen, he would take

a pencil and try to make pictures of his thoughts. But you can't draw very well until you have had lessons, so Josef asked his parents to let him go to drawing school. Josef's parents were poor and they had to think the matter over very carefully. At least his mother said: "Who



DAVID PLAYING BEFORE SAUL—JOSEF ISRAËLS.

knows? Our Josef may become a great artist and Holland some day be as proud of him as she is of Rembrandt."

"Yes, who knows"? replied his father. "To be sure, I did want to make a business man of Josef and have him help me, but perhaps that is still possible, even if he does study drawing." So Josef became a pupil of the drawing academy and Groningen is still proud of the fact.

Josef now worked hard, both at school and in his father's office, where he tried to help all he could in his

leisure hours. As the days went by, however, Josef felt more and more that he wanted to become an artist and he worked harder and harder, sketching and painting every thing he saw. Sometimes he was too ambitious and tried things as yet beyond him. There was to be an exhibition and Josef decided to send an oil painting. So he coaxed the old Groningen paper peddler to sit for him. This picture was Josef Israëls' first, but not his best, for, although it was hung at the exhibition its place was on the back of a door, so that it could be seen only when the door was shut. However, in spite of this, Josef began to show so much talent that it was decided that he must study for a while in Amsterdam, in the studio of a noted painter.

To Amsterdam, therefore he went. At first he thought that he should never be able to settle down to quiet work in such a lively place, but after a while, he grew accustomed to the bustle and noise and even came to like it. His parents had found a home for him with a pious Jewish family, who lived in the quaint Jodenbreestraat, or Ghetto of Amsterdam. Here, where the streets were so narrow that you could lean from your window and almost shake hands with your neighbors across the way, Josef Israëls went about as Rembrandt had done, studying the life of the people about him. There were the old junk shops and the markets with picturesque fishwives and queer-looking people from other lands. But as yet he did not put them into his pictures, because his master and all the other painters in those days liked to paint great scenes from history and did not care for everyday life.

So for the present, Josef put away his Ghetto sketches

and painted history, as his master had taught him. That he did well is not surprising, for if he had already made such progress in little Groningen where there were only plaster casts to work from, you may be sure that he could not help doing better in Amsterdam, where the masters were so good and where there were, besides, great galleries full of pictures done by the most celebrated painters.

Josef Israëls, however, was far from satisfied with his work, even if masters and friends praised it. Over in Paris there lived the famous painter, Paul Delaroche. People admired his pictures very much and he had many pupils. Young Israëls decided to go to him, too. Paris is a fine city, but Josef had a hard time there, for things cost more than they did in Holland, and he had very little money. However, the shy, awkward lad made the best of it. Many a great man has lived for a time in a little attic room at the top of one of the tall Paris houses, and years later, when fame and riches were his, he has come to think of the days he spent there as very happy ones after all. So, although Josef had to spend more money for paints and canvas than for dinners, he felt quite cheerful about it and worked and studied with might and main both in the studio and in the picture galleries, too. Once in a while, on bright days, he went to the park to see the fountains play and to study the gay crowds, or, better still, he and a companion made little sketching trips in the pleasant country round about Paris.

All this came to an end, however, when a revolution broke out in Paris. It did not last long, it is true, but things were unpleasant enough to send all the pupils to their homes. Josef Israëls, too, packed up his paints and



THE ANCHOR—JOSEF ISRAËLS

brushes and some chests full of sketches and went back to Holland, ready now to set up a studio of his own.

Josef Israëls' masters had taught him to draw, to mix colors and to put together the parts of a picture. This was all as it should be, but they had also taught him to see through their eyes, which was not so good. So it came about that because Master Delaroche and the other great painters of the day delighted in painting battle pictures and scenes from history, Josef Israëls did so, too. His pictures were good, but, somehow, people did not care for them and he felt discouraged. By and by, too, he fell ill, and the doctor came and shook his head and said Josef had been working too hard and needed a good, long rest. "You must put away your paints and brushes," said the doctor, "and go to Zandvoort, where you can't paint a thing, because there is nothing there to see but sand and water."

So Josef went to the lonely little fishing village and walked about the beach and breathed the strength-giving air. Then something strange happened to Josef Israëls, for not only did he get back his health, but he also found a new master. It was the great gray sea. And it brought wonderful pictures to his mind. One day it would lie as smooth as glass, or playfully drop little shells and starfish all along the yellow sands; the next, it would roar like an angry giant and crush the fishing smacks like eggshells and dash upon the beach in a fury, trying to swallow up the village. The fisher people loved the sea, and feared it, too. They built their huts out of the wreckage the sea cast up, and they made them low and cosy, that the winds might pass over and do them no harm. They fought the sea, too, for their food, and they braved



A FRUGAL MEAL—JOSEF ISRAËLS

its anger and went out in the storm, even though they trembled.

Then Josef Israëls, who saw this, said to himself: "Here is something for me to paint; here is history, here is life," and he sent to town for his paints and brushes, and he began to sketch the huts and the fisher-folk, and the yellow dunes with their pale grasses, and the sea when it was the playfellow of the children and the same sea when it was an ogre and tried to swallow up their fathers.

The young painter was now quite well again, so he decided to go back to his studio in Amsterdam. He did not like to leave the sea and the fisher people with whom he had been living, but he had thought out a picture which he wanted to paint, and the Zandvoort huts were all too small and dark for this kind of work. Therefore, he gathered up his sketches and went back to the city.

The new picture was a very sad one. It showed the sea when it had been cruel. The storm was over, but the waves were still foaming and angry as they beat upon the shore upon which they had just cast a drowned fisherman. And the sky and the sea, and the sorrow and grief of the fisher people who had gathered about the dead sailor were all so beautifully expressed in this painting, which was called "The Shipwrecked Man," that Josef Israëls suddenly found himself famous. He had found the thing that he could do better than anybody else, and before long his mother's words came true: Holland was proud of him, so proud, that he is known today as her best living painter; for Josef Israëls, although a very old man, is still living in his beautiful home at The Hague.

Here in a charming Dutch garden is his studio, in one corner of which he has fitted up a dear little fisherman's room, with its tiny windows, low ceiling and all the furniture. In this corner the great artist has made many of his beautiful and touching pictures, like "Alone in the World," and "The Shoemaker."

One of Josef Israëls' most famous paintings is "The Anchor" and a delightful one it is, full of shimmering, splashing water, with two men wading knee-deep in the brine and bringing in the heavy anchor. There is strength in it all; the strength of the men, the strength of the sullen ocean beating on the shore and the strength of the wind blowing up the white spray.

"A Frugal Meal" is a more quiet scene. It takes us into the fisherman's home where father, mother and baby are grouped in the firelight; the parents at their meal, the baby asleep in the warm glow; while from the dusky shadows in the background, peeps forth the family cow. Low and smoky, with hard-trodden earth floor, nothing could be more humble, yet the touch of a master has made it express the sweet spirit of home.

After he came back from the village Josef Israëls looked over his old Ghetto sketches and then he went forth once more into the narrow streets of the Jodenbreestraat. It was as interesting as ever but it all had a new meaning for the artist. So he painted "The Jewish Wedding," "The Scribe," "A Son of the Covenant" and other scenes from its busy life. Then remembering his early dreams he tried once more to paint a Bible story and this time, "David playing before Saul," was not so hard to do as in the old days, and now we can see what was in the artist's mind when he thought of the old

story: King Saul has not been able to sleep and so in the breaking dawn the shepherd lad has been sent for and now, while the first rays of the rising sun are falling through the parted curtains peace is at last coming to the unhappy monarch and the dark night-thoughts are one by one driven out as David's hymn to the morning rises in melody from the strings of the harp. The King is deeply moved and his daughter, Princess Michal, who has tried to soothe her royal father, is lost in silent admiration.

Josef Israëls paints joyous scenes, too, and no painter has ever taken greater delight than he in making pictures of the merry, rosy little fisher children playing with their kind playfellow, the smooth and crystal sea.



ON THE BEACH—JOSEF ISRAËLS.

HIRAM, THE CRAFTSMAN.

KING HIRAM sat on his palace roof under a striped silken awning contemplating his fair city of Tyre. It was indeed, a sight to gladden the heart of a king, the temples, walls and palaces below and the blue sea, all dotted with ships beyond.

And it wasn't all a city of pleasure gardens and royal houses, no, indeed! Spindles and looms turned incessantly below there, weaving the delicate fabrics that were famous the world over; artists and craftsmen were fashioning wonderful images and ornaments out of brass and other metals and the dyers, guarding the secret of their vats, were experimenting with new shades of the priceless purple. From the quays came the chant of the sailors, and fleets were coming and going; it was such a busy, peaceful, cheerful scene, no wonder the King felt pleased.

Then there came into his presence a messenger bearing a letter.

"Ah!" exclaimed Hiram, "from Solomon, the new King of Israel; if he is as brave and good as King David, his father, he will make a noble ruler indeed."

"He is said to be wonderfully wise," remarked the prime minister.

"So I have been told," answered the King, "and some day we shall test his wisdom; if he answers the questions which some of our wise men propound, then is he wise indeed."

"At all events he is a good son," continued the King,

looking into his letter; “he bids me remember the old friendship between our houses, and also the promise I made to supply King David with cedars for the building of his temple. Solomon now desires to carry out his father’s wish and build the temple for him, for as he writes in the letter, ‘David, my father, could not build a house unto the name of the Lord his God, for the wars which were about him on every side.’

“He certainly succeeded in overcoming his enemies, for the kingdom is quiet enough now,” said the prime minister.

“That is what Solomon writes,” nodded King Hiram, “and being a man of peace, like myself, he hopes to be able to carry out the work.

“Here, see for yourself, what terms he makes,” said the King, passing the letter to the trusty counsellor.

“Twenty thousand measures each of wheat, oil and wine,” repeated the prime minister to himself. “And for this he wants cedars and firs and skilled hewers.”

“‘And a man cunning to work in gold and in silver, and in brass, and in iron, and in purple, and crimson and blue,’” interrupted the King. “Shall I send him my namesake Hiram, the most skilful artificer in Tyre?”

“That must be as your Majesty decrees,” replied the counsellor, bowing low.

“Well, then,” resumed the King; “because of the love I bore to King David, these things shall be done for Solomon, his son.

“Send him word therefore, in writing, that I shall do his desire concerning the cedars and the workmen. My servants will bring them down from Lebanon unto the sea, where they will be formed into floats and conveyed

to Joppa. Bid him also not to forget his agreement concerning the wheat and oil.”

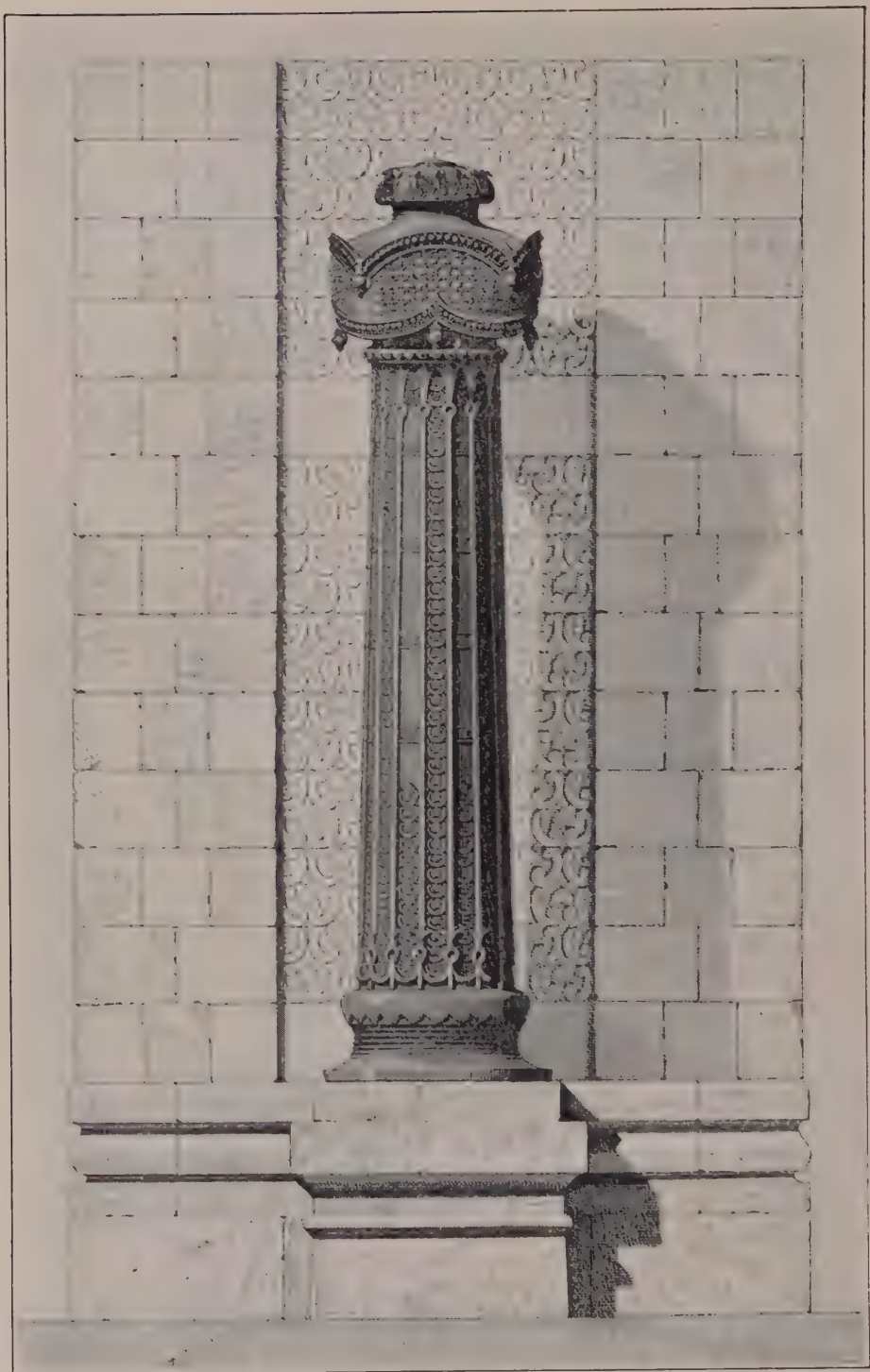
While Hiram the King was thus engaged, Hiram the craftsman sat in his workshop, fashioning a golden bowl. To him, too, came the chant of the sailors and the noise of departing ships, and he was wishing that he might go with them. His friends, the captains, when they came into port, brought strange tales of the wild, fair-haired people that inhabited the outermost edge of the world, there, where the great, gray, trackless ocean beat against the rocky shores. And they showed shields and spears and bowls, most curiously wrought; and the white metal called tin, and the furs and skins of unknown beasts, all brought from those regions.

“Come with us,” said the bearded mariners to Hiram.

“What is hearing of these wonders to seeing them?”

But Hiram said: “Nay, great is my desire, but I am the servant of the King and he bids me tarry here at Tyre, to fashion his cups and vases and pillars for his courts.”

Thus spoke Hiram now that he was a man; as a boy he had often lingered on the quays, watching the ships, and more than once had he been tempted to seek adventures with them. In those days great numbers of cedar logs were being shipped to Jerusalem, where King David was building himself a palace, and Hiram’s longings turned to the hill country which was the home of his mother’s people. Often and often had she told him about it; of its hillside caves and olive groves and walled cities; how they had been fought for and won, and how King David was still fighting. And other tales did she tell him of the wanderings of the twelve tribes in the desert; of Moses the Wise and Joshua the Valiant, and



HIRAM'S COLUMN RESTORED BY CHIPIEZ

of brave deeds without number, until Hiram would have surely fled from peaceful, traffic-loving Tyre to that delightful, history-making land, if it had not been that his mother was a widow and he could not leave her.

For Hiram's father was dead. He had been a craftsman of Tyre, a most skilled worker in brass, and Hiram still remembered watching him and his assistants at their work and how the King would sometimes come to see what they were doing. He patted little Hiram on the head and told him to grow up a cunning workman like his father. The boy tried; little by little the beauty of the craft grew upon him, little by little his hand took on skill.

Then, when his father died, Hiram had to go to work in earnest to help his mother, and as time went on, his visits to the quays grew less and less frequent. But his workshop came to be filled with things of beauty, all Tyre rang with praise of the young artist and the King came to see with his own eyes how Hiram went about his work.

Now the King was a great builder; he was continually tearing down old buildings and putting up new ones, and Hiram, who was one of the many-sided geniuses of the old days, who were goldsmiths or architects, decorators or painters, as the occasion required, was just the man after his heart.

Dear, dear, but the King kept him busy! When Hiram was not designing the plan for a palace, he was casting pillars for the courts, or making temple vessels, or jewels for the Queen. If he had not had many pupils and assistants he could never have finished half the work that poured into his workshop. No wonder he longed, once

in a while, to go sailing over the sea, and no wonder he answered the captains as he did!

So on this afternoon he wished it again, but the wish did not stay his hand at its work, and the bowl grew more and more beautiful and fit to grace a King's table, as figure after figure began to take shape. Lions he put upon it, and palm trees, and a lily border all about the brim, and as he wrought he felt that the work was good.

The King thought so too when he saw it and then he told Hiram to prepare for a journey.

"I am going to lend you for a while to King Solomon," said the King; "show him what an artist of Tyre can do, and make famous both our names."

Hiram promised to try his best to be a credit to his King and country, and then set about getting ready. At last, one fine morning, he sailed away from Tyre, to be gone many a year.

The ship brought him to Joppa, but Jerusalem lay inland and he had to travel thirty miles across the plain to reach it. All along the road he met trains of mules and pack-horses carrying the stores of wheat and oil to King Hiram and the plain was full of the great cedar logs which were being hauled from the seashore, over plain and up hill till they rested at length on Mount Moriah. Hiram passed shepherds tending their flocks; then came fields of grain, and then the hills, covered with olive groves and vineyards. At last he beheld Jerusalem, high fenced in by its walls, and passing in at the gate he found himself riding through the streets he had so often dreamed about.

King David had wished the temple to be built on Mount Moriah and King Solomon took Hiram up there to see

how the plan could be carried out. This mountain was one of the high places about Jerusalem and here, long years ago, had stood the threshing floor of Araunah the Jebusite and the flails had beaten out the ripe grain until King David had silenced them forever by building, in that very spot, an altar to the Lord:

Hiram admired King David's judgment, for a better site for the temple could not have been found. So he set to work upon his plans and in a short time the mountain was a lively place; the ground was made even, foundations were laid and the stonemasons became as busy as the carpenters, who were sawing the cedars and firs into beams and posts and boards. Hiram watched over it all, and when King Solomon came as he did often, to look on, the architect would get out his plans for the monarch to see, and the wisest of kings would understand and feel pleased with the way things were progressing.

By and by the stones and beams and timbers were all in place and the great temple rose on high. Before it Hiram made two courts, the priests' court before the temple and a great outer court; these he built of stones and cedar beams and closed them with doors of brass.

If the outside was great and impressive, what shall be said of the magnificence of the interior? If King Hiram could have seen it he might have become jealous, for even Tyre—far-famed Tyre—with its splendid temples and palaces had nothing to equal it.

But Solomon's temple on the inside shone with gold and precious stones and Hiram had done his best with the ornamentation. The walls and ceilings of the inner and outer temples and even of the porticos and galleries,

were all of cedar wood. This had been covered all over with cherubim and palm trees and open flowers of fairest workmanship, and then overlaid with gold. Nor was this all, for in the inner sanctuary stood two cherubim, most wonderful to behold. They had been covered all over with gold, and were so large that their outer wings touched the wall on either side and their inner wings met in the center of the house.

When the walls and posts and doors, inside and out, were all done, Hiram undertook other tasks. The porch needed two immense pillars, which Hiram decided should be of brass, and there were also the great molten sea with the twelve oxen that supported it, the altar and many temple vessels, all of brass, so he began to look about for a place to cast them. The King told him of the clay beds near Succoth, down in the plain of Jordan.

"The very place to cast my brasses," exclaimed Hiram and he set to work upon the molds.

The pillars were to be eighteen cubits high and twelve cubits around, and the capitals on the top of the pillars added five cubits more to the height. Hiram's pillars were truly wonderful, and although they perished ages and ages ago, they have been so well described that an artist has been able to draw the picture of one of them, to show us how they looked, and we can see the network, the pomegranates and the lily work on the capitals, just as Hiram thought them out.

When the molds for the pillars and the great sea, which was to be ten cubits from brim to brim, were prepared, Hiram and his men filled them with the molten metal and waited anxiously for them to cool. But the casting was perfect and not a flaw or bubble was there to mar



PANEL FROM ARCH OF TITUS.

the beauty of the work. What a pity, to think that the Babylonian soldiers should one day break them into pieces and carry them off for the brass they contained. Luckily Hiram knew nothing of the fate in store for his masterpieces, for he took great pride in them.

King Solomon grew more and more pleased with each new piece of work, but once in a while he would grow impatient at the time it was taking. Hiram, however, had so much to do that it took years to get through, even though he had an army of workmen at his command. In fact, it took seven years to build the temple, although one hundred and eighty-four thousand men were working upon it.

Everything comes to an end, however. So too, the work upon the temple, for one day it was all finished, even to the golden table and candlesticks used in the temple service, and the curtain of blue and purple and crimson and fine linen, which hung within the porch.

King Solomon had more work for Hiram and would not yet let him return to Tyre, for he wanted some palaces befitting a ruler of his greatness and many years were spent in the building of them. The records, however, are silent as to what the King of Tyre thought about the long absence of his favorite artist. Nor are we told whether Hiram ever returned to Tyre. We like to believe that he did; so well rewarded by King Solomon for his services that he could take his ease in his old age, fashioning for his own pleasure some lovely bowl or ewer after the pattern of those bygone days, and sometimes walking along the quays with his grandchildren, pointing out to them the ships setting out for Jerusalem. And we can imagine some of the captains, sons of his old friends,

bringing reports of the power and wisdom of King Solomon and telling how people came from far and near to see the wonderful temple.

One of these visitors was a Queen, who came from far-away Sheba, her country, to visit King Solomon and see for herself whether the reports which had come to her of his wisdom and wealth, were really true. She acknowledged herself overwhelmed with his magnificence and splendor, and, on departing, declared the journey well worth while.

King Hiram may have lost his artist, but his courtesy won him his wish, for Hiram's work made them both famous although all but the description of it has vanished away. A faint trace of it, however, still remains in a fragment from a Roman triumphal arch, itself long since gone to ruin. This celebrated bit of sculpture shows a number of Roman soldiers bearing the seven-branched candlestick, the table for the shewbread and other temple treasures, taken at the fall of Jerusalem, through the streets of Rome. When they shall have passed through the arch at the end of the panel they will be lost to the world forever, leaving only their stone counterfeits from the Arch of Titus to show us how they looked; but for Hiram's greater works we must turn to the description and build it up in our thoughts from that.

PHILIP VEIT.

OUT in the country, very near the city of Rome, stands an old deserted villa in the midst of a wild, neglected garden. Once in a while, a curious visitor walks up the silent alleys, past the moss-grown sun dial and the crumbling stone fountain, until, at last, he stands before the quaint door with its great knocker. The aged caretaker, who sees him coming, hurries to open the door and says:

“You have come to see the Dante frescoes, I suppose?”

“Yes,” answers the visitor, as he enters.

Then the caretaker opens the shutters and the bright sunlight falls on walls and ceilings, and the beautiful pictures stand revealed, looking as fresh and bright as the day they were painted, many, many years ago—so many, that the painter, whose work they are, and the great man, who took such pride in his beautiful room, have both long since passed away. Yet here they are in all their delicate coloring and we can imagine what a gay place the villa Massimi must have been in those good old days when young Philip Veit told the story of the great poet Dante’s life on its walls.

There was another building near Rome that had been a gay place in those days, and one summer evening the young German painter Philip Veit had come riding up to it, to join the merry company of artists that had gathered within its walls. This building had once been a monastery, but now its whitewashed cells were covered with sketches

and paintings, for the artists were busy people and worked hard all day. In the evening they gathered in the old hall, talked over their pictures with one another, sang songs and had a very merry time indeed.

A gay young prince, who loved art and artists, came often to visit them, and the jolly feasts and entertainments they had together were one of his most pleasant recollections when he became king of Bavaria and the duties of state would no longer permit him to travel about and see other lands.

There were other people in Rome, too, who liked artists and wished to aid them. Chief amongst these was the Jewish art lover, Bartholdy, whose home, the Casa Bartholdy, was filled with art treasures. When Herr Bartholdy came out to the old monastery and saw what the painters had been doing, he said:

“These bright, young, earnest artists must be encouraged.”

Then he invited them all to the Casa Bartholdy, where he took them into a great room and said,

“I want the story of Joseph told on the walls and ceiling of this room; therefore I wish you would divide the spaces up among you so that each one of you can tell part of the story.”

The artists were delighted and each set to work on his composition, as the arrangement of the parts of a picture is called. Philip Veit had two compositions to his share; one the story of Joseph in the house of the high priest Potiphar, and the other a panel representing the “Seven Years of Plenty,” which Joseph foretold from Pharaoh’s dream. The seven years were shown as seven children, grouped about Mother Earth and playing with the stores

of orchard, field and hive. Philip's pictures were both very much admired, in fact, all the artists did their best, and the frescoes in the Casa Bartholdy became so famous that many persons came there to see them, especially as these frescoes were painted in the old manner, that is, in the wet plaster, thus forming part of the wall.

At first the artists thought they would not be able to paint their pictures *al fresco*, as they called it, because no one seemed to know how to prepare the walls, but at length they found an old Italian who was able to do it. So every time the artists went to work, the part of the wall that they intended to paint that day was covered with fresh plaster. On this surface they traced their design and then painted it rapidly, while the wall was still wet. If they had not covered all of the plaster by close of day the unpainted part was cut away, for by morning it would be hard and no longer fit to take the colors. But a portion of fresh plaster could be added close to the painted part whenever the artists wished to go on.

Philip Veit now found himself very busy, for after the Casa Bartholdy pictures were done, other people in Rome wanted their walls painted, too, and as they wanted Philip to be the painter to do it, he was kept hard at it designing compositions and getting them under way. He liked Rome, too, very much, and almost felt as though he would like to stay there forever. His mother came to visit him and they spent many happy hours together, looking over his sketches and plans, for she was a wise woman, and Philip wanted her opinion on a number of things he wished to do.

Sometimes Philip and his mother would sit on one of the stone benches in the garden and talk of home and the

old days, and of the adventures which had befallen Philip while he was in the wars, for he had been a soldier sometime before he went to Rome.

“I met one of my old schoolmates from Cologne today,” said Philip as he sat with his mother on the terrace.

“Can you remember Cologne?” asked his mother in surprise. “You were such a small boy when we lived there.”



DOROTHEA MENDELSSOHN—VEIT

“Remember Cologne?” echoed Philip. “Indeed I do. I remember the old walls and forts and the fun we boys had playing at knights among the old ruins, and how we used to sit and talk about Napoleon.”

“Yes, he had become emperor, just about that time,” said Philip’s mother.

“Oh, we boys knew that quite well,” cried Philip. “And I was the most envied boy there because I had seen

Napoleon, for I had not forgotten how you would take me to the park, when we lived in Paris, and point out the great hero, as he rode by on his white horse, and I always ended by saying that I, too, meant to be a general and go to the wars, when I grew up."

Then Philip Veit and his mother both smiled, for Philip had kept his promise about going to war, and what was more, he had gone to fight the great Napoleon, who, in the end, lost his empire and died a prisoner. But Philip did not go to be a general, he went to help free his country, and when that was done, he returned to the work that was intended for him.

As a little boy Philip had been a great pet. His gifted mother had many friends, and ever since he could remember, famous poets and musicians had held him on their knees, or had patted his curly head and told him to grow up a noble and wise man like his grandfather, the great Moses Mendelssohn.

Philip's parents thought he would, for he was a very bright child and his lessons never gave him any trouble. They never suspected that he would be an artist, for although he loved to see the pictures in the museum, and although he always had a paint box and daubed up lots of picture books and painted funny, scrubby trees and houses that did not always look quite safe, all this was no more than other little boys did and nobody thought anything about it.

However, all at once, Philip found it out for himself and he declared that he wished to be an artist. His parents had nothing against it and he was sent to a very good teacher to be taught how to go about it. The teacher was severe and made Philip draw and draw, and still draw in

lead pencil and crayon until his pupil became impatient. But he came to thank his teacher later on, for he had given him a good foundation and would have taught him still more, if Philip had not suddenly declared that he had had enough of drawing and would work for himself in color.

Philip's home by this time was in Vienna, for never did people move about more than his parents. As usual, his mother's little drawing room was the meeting place of many celebrated people and Philip was petted as of old. When he said he wanted to paint in oils, the friends all offered to sit to him, and said they should love to have one of his pictures.

At first Philip Veit was not very successful with his work, for he had run away from his teacher too soon, and you know there are things that must be learned before anything can be done the right way. Philip learned these things by and by, for he was destined to become a famous painter, but a little more patience in the first place would have saved him many a spoiled canvas. For a while he was quite discouraged, until a good friend cheered him up and spurred him on—and then, one day, he produced a masterpiece. It was the portrait of a lady and such a beautiful piece of work that everybody who saw it was full of its praise, and Philip Veit's name was on every tongue.

But just as Philip was beginning to show that he really could do something, even though he was somewhat slow about it, he was suddenly called away from his task of making pictures and asked to help make history instead. Emperor Napoleon had now become a mighty ruler; so mighty, indeed, that all the other kings and rulers greatly



HIDING OF MOSES—VEIT

feared him. Knowing this, he made them do his will, and he even came into their kingdoms and carried off their men to fight his battles for him. But his last campaign had been unsuccessful; he had invaded Russia in the winter time and Generals January and February had accomplished what the other generals never had been able to do; the immense army had been scattered, frozen and lost, and the emperor had scarcely saved his own life. Hearing this, the timid monarchs took heart again, and called to their subjects to help them shake off the yoke of the tyrant.

Philip Veit was among the young men who answered the call. He still remembered how he had once admired the famous general, but he felt now that Napoleon had become his country's enemy, and that it was clearly his duty to go forth and help fight him. So, one day, Philip and some of his poet and artist friends set out together and went away to the war. A hard time they had of it, too, for there were long, weary marches and many battles, and some of them were wounded. Philip was struck by a splinter from a shell, which tore off his cloak and threw him from his horse, but did him no further harm. He was brave and made a fine soldier. When the war was over he was one of the heroes who rode home in triumph and were crowned with laurel as they entered the streets of Berlin.

Philip Veit never forgot those days, but although it was a fine thing to have been a soldier and to have helped his country, Philip was most anxious to get back to his painting again. Once in a while, during the campaign, he had found time to sketch a castle or a camp scene, or some of his fellow officers, but of course he had never been able to do more than this. Therefore, the sight of his studio and his paints and brushes was most welcome and he was



THE SEVEN YEARS OF PLENTY—VEIT

soon hard at work again, painting the picture of a lovely princess.

In Philip Veit's time, however, no artist was thought quite perfect until he had gone to Italy for a little while and studied the pictures there. Philip felt that the time had come for him to go there too, and he gathered up his painting materials and set out to join the artist colony in the old monastery just outside Rome.

And now he sat talking to his mother of all these things and he told her about the Dante frescoes, which he was now getting ready for the villa Massimi.

By the time, however, that these frescoes were finished, Philip Veit's friends thought that he ought to come home to Germany and do something for his native land. Most of the painters whom he had met when he first came to Rome had left Italy by this time and Philip began to feel a little lonely. At last, therefore, he packed up his belongings, said farewell to sunny Italy and set out for home.

The city of Frankfort was most anxious to have Philip come and live there, and he was asked to take charge of, and decorate the Staedel Institute, Frankfort's great art museum. Philip planned a series of frescoes for the museum building and made the sketches for them.

The subject chosen was Greek life, and when we look at the simple, graceful, dignified designs we feel sorry that they were never executed. However, if Philip Veit did not paint these frescoes he produced other pictures to make up for them. One of these, "The Hiding of Moses," is a most delightful picture. Looking at it we find ourselves in Egypt, with the distant pyramids fading away in the evening mist. Close before us, where the last rays of the sun are still lingering, we see a loving mother carrying

out her plan to save her precious baby's life. It is the mother of Moses, who hugs her little one so closely to her breast, before putting him into the little basket half hidden in the rushes. Sister Miriam, on the little hill beyond, is watching, as her mother has bidden her, and in another minute she will be hurrying down with the news that the princess is coming with her maidens to seek out her cool bathing place in the Nile, as is her custom every evening. Then the mother will leave the baby among the rushes, for she knows that the princess is kind and will understand that a Hebrew mother has tried to save her little one from the cruel order of the king, by which all the Hebrew babies were to be slain. We all know what the princess did and how little Miriam played her part and what a wonderful man he grew to be, the baby boy that cried until they found his hiding place. The artists have always liked this story, but they nearly always have made it the "Finding of Moses;" therefore it was very pleasant to have Philip Veit show us what happened before the princess came.

Philip Veit made some sketches for other Bible stories, but he did not make all of them into paintings. One of these shows Moses as an old, old man, helping the children of Israel to victory in the desert. Joshua had engaged the Amalekites in battle, and as long as Moses held his hands uplifted, success was to be with the Israelites. Aaron and Hur supported Moses and helped him hold up his hands until sundown, when the Amalekites were defeated. This is the scene the artist shows in his sketch.

Philip Veit had a gifted young cousin, who came to visit him every once in a while, and many happy days they passed together. Felix Mendelssohn was the name of this youth, and never was there a more sunny-hearted, un-

spoiled young genius than he. Philip had always loved music and Felix delighted in going over his compositions with him, after which he would declare that turn about was fair play, and insist upon going through Philip's portfolios and studying *his* compositions. They were much



GERMANIA—VEIT

alike, these two grandsons of Moses Mendelssohn, for Felix expressed in music pretty much the same thing that Philip expressed in painting.

There was another subject besides music and painting dear to the heart of the cousins. This was Italy, where they had both passed happy days. They never tired of telling about their adventures and impressions,

and they were so enthusiastic about it all that Felix set forth his feelings in music and Philip painted a beautiful figure of Italy, sitting among her aloes and olive trees. As a counterpart he next painted Germania, under an oak, of course, with her mantle of empire and her shield, and ready to drive out any enemy that might dare to assail her.

The years, as they went by, passed very pleasantly for Philip Veit in his delightful home, with his family and friends and the work he loved. His dear mother came to live with him and took great pride in her pretty grandchildren; she loved to tell them the stories that her own little Philip had been so fond of in the days gone by, and she also found occasion every once in a while still to help and advise her boy as she had done in the old days.

Then at last came the day when Philip Veit's work was done and he laid down his brushes and went to his rest, leaving it to his pictures to tell how well he had spent his life.

HENRY MOSLER.

THE young city on the banks of the great Western river was a very lively place, and yet hardly more than half a hundred years had passed since the first settler's cabin had gone up in the clearing. Cincinnati was really such a wonder that its fame had gone over seas, and every once in a while some distinguished traveler would cross the mountains to have a look at the place. The inhabitants would show him around and point out the nice brick paved streets and rows of red and white houses, stretching away to the foot of the wooded hills; then the visitor would be led to the public landing, where he might see boats coming up the river, bringing sugar and molasses, and other boats coming down the river, bringing more people to help make the city grow. And the river sparkled in the sun, gay flags fluttered from the boats and the sweet strains of the boat horn re-echoed from the hills which stretched along the banks of the beautiful Ohio.

In those days Henry Mosler and his parents left their Eastern home and came to dwell in the new city. At first Henry was somewhat disappointed to find that the Indians had disappeared along with the old fort, but by and by he found Cincinnati much to his liking. In the summer time he and his schoolmates went swimming in Mill Creek, where the trees leaned over the stream and dipped trailing boughs into the water. In the autumn they went nutting in the great woods, which covered the

hills beyond the city, and they brought home all the walnuts and hickory nuts that they could carry. In winter— dear me—there never were finer coasting places than the streets of Cincinnati in those early days, and Dan Beard and Henry Mosler and a lot of other boys, whose names later on became well known, used to have great times coasting down Third street hill, and the story of the great battle of the snow fort came to be put into print many years later, when the boys were all men.

So you see that Henry had a very pleasant boyhood. Yet there was one thing that he missed at times, and that was—pictures. In his New York home, Henry's mother had once in a while taken him to one of the galleries or to some fine picture store, but in the lively, bustling, growing, Western town people cared more for practical things than for luxuries. One enterprising English-woman some years before had tried to introduce art into the city, while it was still younger and not at all ready for this phase of civilization. The time, however, was now coming when people could think of beautifying their homes instead of merely making them comfortable.

"Never mind, Henry," his mother would say when he told her of his longings, "never mind, you'll see pictures enough later on; until then just look over the books in the bookcase, there are pictures in some of them."

A little later, however, Henry was to have his wish, and it happened this way. Finding that he needed a new hat, his mother called him one day and said: "Come, Henry, we are going down to Kerr's store to get you a new hat, and I think that when you get there you will have a pleasant surprise." Henry went with his mother down to Fifth street, wondering all along the way what the surprise

might be. After they reached the store and the hat had been purchased, Mrs. Mosler said:

“Mr. Kerr, my little boy dearly loves pictures; would it be asking too much to let him see your collection?”

“Certainly not,” replied Mr. Kerr, and he led them into a room behind the store, where Henry most certainly had a surprise, for the walls round about were hung with oil paintings; castles, peasant scenes, sunsets, moonlights; all painted by Mr. Kerr, in his hours of leisure. The good merchant would very much have preferred to be an artist instead of being obliged to sell hats, but, finding that people were more ready to buy hats than pictures, he made a virtue of necessity and painted his pictures for his own pleasure.

Henry was so delighted with the pictures that he could hardly tear himself away, and he begged to be allowed to come again. Mr. Kerr said he should be delighted to have him, and before long the two became fast friends, and the good hatter allowed the boy to try his hand at copying some of the pictures and even offered to show him how.

Henry now decided to be an artist, and when he was allowed to spend all of ninety-six cents for paints and brushes, he felt that he was well on the way. His palette was only a piece of tin, but it answered very well and every Sunday he would go to the gallery behind the shop and work away. The place was really like a studio, for it had a skylight. Sometimes, when it snowed, there would be no light, then Henry would take a broom, climb to the roof and sweep the skylight clear. Henry Mosler used to be very proud of those first pictures which he painted, over fifty years ago, but today—for he still paints today—he would not care to let you have a look at them.

In these days a boy who shows talent and is intent upon becoming an artist generally succeeds in persuading his family to let him go to art school.

Henry Mosler did not have this good fortune. In his time there was no art school in Cincinnati, and as he was now grown a tall boy, it was thought time for him to be getting to work.

After some consultation it was decided that wood engraving would be the very thing; it was art, after a fashion, and it was practical, which painting, (witness Mr. Kerr and his gallery), was not.

One fine day, therefore, Henry found himself apprenticed to a wood engraver at a salary of ten cents a day.

The lad did not enthuse over the making of catalogues for which he had to draw numberless keys, locks, stoves and other hardware, but he did his duty and was as accurate and painstaking as possible. One benefit he gained by this work, and that was a steady hand, a good thing for an artist to have.

But Henry had not given up the thought of becoming an artist, and so of evenings and on holidays he would draw and sketch subjects more to his liking than those falling to his daily task.

About this time Henry Mosler saw much of his friend, Frank Beard.

Frank's father was an artist, and Henry felt it would make a great difference in his work if he could only have some lessons from a real painter. When he asked Frank whether he thought his father might be willing to accept a pupil young Beard said he didn't know, but there could be no harm in asking. The elder Beard requested to see Henry and his sketches and liking them both he agreed to

take the lad into his studio. Henry never forgot the wonder and awe which he felt when he first saw his master reproduce the features of a sitter on canvas. After a while, however, the pupil bid fair to rival the master, and people often could not tell their work apart.

The young artist was now asked to join the sketch club, which met once a fortnight at some of the members' houses. His master, James H. Beard, and the poet-painter, Thomas Buchanan Read, who had not yet written his famous "Sheridan's Ride," were among the members. In this club a topic for composition would be given, and then each artist was expected to bring in a sketch expressing his conception of the subject.

But now came stirring days. The great civil war broke out and battles were fought on land and sea; soldiers were seen everywhere—some in bright new uniforms, setting out gladly to fight for their country; some sick and wounded, coming back from battlefield or prison, to stay at home until they were well and strong enough to try again.

When Henry Mosler looked upon these scenes he became very much interested, and almost before he knew it he had out his sketchbook and began to make drawings of the soldiers as they came and went. Then he sent some of the sketches to an illustrated paper, and lo! one day Henry found his work in print, and the paper asked for more, and appointed him special war artist for the West. He felt of some importance now, and when he went to the sketch club he often had something very original and striking to show as his contribution to a pleasant evening. The sketch club did not turn out any great painters of battle pictures, not even Henry Mosler, in spite of his sketches being intended for this, but it produced a war

poem, and great was the delight of its members when the thrilling stanzas of "Sheridan's Ride" rang out in the modest room of the house on Eighth street—the house which today bears a tablet in commemoration of the fact.

By this time Henry Mosler had come to the conclusion that war scenes, after all, were not to be his life work, and feeling that he needed more instruction before he could really call himself an artist, he one fine day packed his trunk and set out to see what the schools of Europe could teach him.

The first place he tried was the academy in Dusseldorf, a pleasant little town on the river Rhine. Here a merry group of artists from all parts of the world had for a number of years been wont to gather under the guidance of certain celebrated professors.

Henry Mosler found much to interest him in this quaint but lively place, for the four or five hundred artists here assembled were cheerful and full of fun. During the day they sat at their easels and painted, or else they made little sketching trips in the country villages round about, and of evenings they met in their club, the "Paint Box," where they often had tableaux or planned parades and pageants to be held on summer days in a meadow near the town.

Young Mosler painted away for dear life with the rest and made some very pretty genre pictures, one among them showing two small children sitting on a doorstep under a red umbrella, and evidently enjoying the shower which is pattering on their red shelter. Genre pictures mean pictures telling a little story, or showing a little scene from everyday life, and the Dusseldorf painters were noted for this style of painting, although some of them did paint landscapes or historical scenes.



Henry Mosler

THE BAGPIPE LESSON--MOSLER

One very celebrated painter of these scenes from everyday life was Knaus, who had by this time, however, left Dusseldorf, and was spending his time between Berlin and Paris. Young Mosler was anxious to see his work, and when he did he learned a great deal from this master. This was after he had gone to Paris to study there, too, for Henry meant to perfect himself as much as possible. Therefore he worked for quite a while in the studio of a French master, and then, armed with sketches, pictures and much experience, he once more turned his face homeward and came back to Cincinnati, ready to show the home people what he could do.

Although Henry Mosler had been away from Cincinnati for only a few years, the city had changed very much during his absence. It was growing rapidly, and Henry did not think it as pretty a place as when he had left it. This was true, for during the stretching period, a city is apt to appear bleak and ungainly, and Cincinnati at that time was not as pleasant nor as picturesque as in its early days, although it afterwards came to be a very fine place indeed.

However, Henry Mosler remained in his old home for a number of years, during which time he painted the portraits of all his old friends and of many new ones. Then, one day, he decided to go abroad again and stay for a while in Munich. Munich was, and still is, a great place for artists. You may remember the prince who once had such jolly times with Philip Veit and his friends in the old monastery studio near Rome. He afterwards became king of Bavaria, and the cares of state kept him very busy. Still, if he could no longer go about with his artist friends, he could at least help them by buying their pictures; and, as he loved few things better than painting

and statuary, he built a couple of fine galleries in Munich, filled them with art treasures and invited all the artists to come and study them.

King Ludwig has long been dead, but the Glyptothek and the Pinakothek, as the galleries are called, the first because its Greek name means that it holds sculptures, and the second because its name tells that it contains pictures, these two galleries, then, draw many artists to the interesting city on the Isar. There are great art schools there, too, and every once in a while the artists think out a new style of painting and set up a new school altogether.

Henry Mosler found this a livelier place than Cincinnati, and he learned many new things during the three years that he spent in Munich. Every once in a while a beautiful picture crossed the ocean and came to delight the friends at home.

When the three years were up, Mosler went to France and lived there for many years. His great picture, "The Return," was purchased by the French Government for the Luxembourg Gallery in 1879, and a few years later he was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

"The Return" tells the pathetic story of a wayward son, who has caused his parents much sorrow, and who, after wandering about the world and finding it cruel, returns home a beggar, wanting only to throw himself at his father's feet to beg forgiveness. But his repentance has come too late; the patient father, who has waited so long, has just died, and the son can only kneel beside his bier.

This picture and a great number of Mosler's other paintings take us into the homes of the Brittany peasant folk.

Brittany is a very interesting part of France, and the houses and costumes of the people are quaint and charming. The beds, built into the walls, are adorned with carving and the men and women and little children all look well-to-do and generally happy.

One delightful picture is "The Bagpipe Lesson." The old bagpipe player has his little grandchild on his knee and is showing her how the queerly shaped instrument can be made to bring forth pleasant sounds. The little girl is enjoying it all very much, and her bright eyes are dancing with glee. It is a very pretty picture, and the dear, dainty, little girl, in her cap and thick woolen stockings and sabots, as her wooden shoes are called, is very winning and attractive, as is also the kind-faced old grandfather.

Some of Henry Mosler's pictures are as good as a trip to Brittany. "The Return of the Shrimpers" takes us to the sea coast, and the damp shining sands, with the shrimpers bringing in their catch.

"The Village Clockmaker" shows that busy man occupied with his interesting patients, the decrepit and unreliable timepieces, which behave just as badly in the village as elsewhere.

"A Village Bride" is an important young person, and the whole family has gone to the village store to help her select her trousseau. She is being measured for her wedding finery, and every one concerned is deeply interested. The store, with its groceries, dry goods, candles and other commodities, is very much like one of our country stores, but the costumes of the people are quite different from ours.

"The Wedding Feast" is another famous picture, and is in the Metropolitan Museum, in New York.

Now, again, after many years, Henry Mosler has come back to his native country and hopes to make it his home for good. He has learned much abroad, but his apprenticeship ended years and years ago, and he has been a delightful and sympathetic painter ever since his first Dusseldorf picture appeared in an exhibition. The life of the people, sad or gay, is the subject his brush delights to tell about, and we feel that he really sympathizes with the workers and tells their story so truthfully that we can not help loving him for it.

Henry Mosler is still painting away in his New York studio, and once in a while he visits his old home beside the Ohio, which has changed so much that if he did not know one or two things in it, such as the Fountain and the great bridge, so very well, he might doubt whether the rest of it were really the home of his boyhood days.

At present the artist is hard at work upon a large picture which represents a scene from American history. It is called "Ringing the Liberty Bell," and shows the old bellringer pealing out the glad tidings that "Liberty is proclaimed throughout the land." It will be a great treat when we get to see this picture, and we hope that Henry Mosler will keep right on with his work and paint us many more.

EDUARD BENDEMANN.

WHEN Eduard Bendemann got up on the morning of his tenth birthday he could hardly wait until he should be called into the breakfast room. His parents and brothers and sisters had all gathered about the birthday table, but he had to wait—oh, such a while. At last, however, the bell sounded and he rushed through the hall and into the room. Through the hugs and kisses showered upon him he had a glimpse of lighted tapers and bright-hued flowers, but when at length he was led before the table, his eyes saw nothing but the wonderful paint box, and he clapped his hands in glee. That paint box, oh, that paint box; how he had longed for it! For weeks and weeks he had daily paused before the shop window in which it had been displayed, and now it was his—oh, it was almost too good to be true!

By and by Eduard noticed the cake and the flowers and the picture books and other nice gifts lavished upon him, but he always went back to the paint box and he felt that he should do great things with it.

A few days later, however, the paint box got young Eduard into trouble. Minna, the housemaid, discovered him painting figures all over the nice white doors and walls of the nursery. Minna scolded and Eduard's mother hurried in to see what was the matter.

"Oh, Eduard, Eduard," she, too, exclaimed, "what will your father say when he sees the room that he has just had repainted? I am afraid that he will take away your paints."

At this Eduard burst into tears, and would not be comforted until his father had come home and passed judgment.

"Stop crying; you're too big a boy for that," said Mr. Bendemann to his son. Then he went on: "Why didn't you take paper for your pictures, rather than the doors and walls?"

"I hadn't any paper," sobbed Eduard, "the picture books were all colored, and there was so much room on the doors, and oh, please, papa, don't take away my paints."

The end of it all was that Eduard, having promised never again, to deface either doors or walls was permitted to retain his paint box and was furthermore supplied with all the paper he needed for his designs.

Eduard kept his word, and the next time he painted any walls was when a king asked him to decorate his palace, and that, of course, was quite a different matter.

Eduard Bendemann's home was in Berlin, where he was born in 1811, so that his boyhood days fell in the early part of the last century. Things were very different then from what they are now and Eduard looked upon scenes that would appear most strange to us.

In those days all Europe seemed to be up in arms, and kings and their generals were making history at a great rate. No wonder, then, that the writers and the painters thought to make history, too, and to this end wrote books with war for the background and painted pictures of battles old and new.

Eduard Bendemann, seeing and hearing these things, thought them over, too, and formed them into scenes and pictures in his mind. Then, having thought them out, he tried to retell them with his brush, and he did this so

cleverly that the artists who sometimes came to visit his father were struck by the boy's talent and said that he ought to devote himself to art.

Eduard longed for nothing better, and as his father had no objections to offer, young Bendemann, hardly sixteen years of age, set off one day for the art academy at Dusseldorf.

This academy, to which Philip Veit, Henry Mosler and many other painters have gone, was in those days most celebrated. Young Bendemann proved one of its brightest pupils, and he had not been there long before he painted a charming picture from Bible history. It was the story of Ruth, the Moabitess, gleaning in the field of Boaz, and was a graceful and sympathetic composition. He also painted another picture of two girls on a hillside, looking out over the scene below them. This, too, was a charming picture, and brought the young artist much praise.

Just as artists nowadays go to Holland or to France, and will before long all take a trip to Spain, so in those days they all thought they must study the old masters in Italy. Eduard Bendemann was no exception to this rule, and to Italy he accordingly went.

The group of artists who used to gather in the old monastery near Rome had by this time dispersed, but Bendemann still found one or two of them, and he still saw some of their work. He was, however, chiefly interested in the galleries, and spent much time studying the coloring and the grouping of the great historical paintings there displayed. The bright, warm landscape, too, attracted him, and his sketchbooks and portfolios were soon filled to overflowing.

Somewhere about this time, Bendemann painted a fine

picture, the subject of which was again taken from the Bible. This painting, which is considered one of Bendemann's finest, is called "The Mourning Jews," and represents a scene from the Babylonian Captivity. The harps are silent beneath the willows of Babylon and the unfortunate captives are mingling their tears with the waters of the swift-flowing streams that seem to be hurrying towards that beloved land which the exiles may never hope to see. This picture, which is in the Cologne Museum, is remarkable for the beauty and grace of the figures of both the old and the young exiles. The landscape, too, is harmonious, and the beholder, gazing at it for a little while, comes to love it more and more, and suddenly feels himself transported back to Bible times and into long-vanished Babylon. And he is tempted to say to the sorrowing prophet:

"Take heart, the day of captivity will soon be over, and the Temple vessels will once more adorn the house of the Lord."

Now, about this time, the King of Saxony made up his mind that his fine art academy needed some new professors. The art academy was in Dresden, the Saxon capital, a beautiful and lively city, and so noted for its art treasures that it is often called the Florence on the Elbe. This is certainly a fine compliment, for the Florence on the Arno is so full of art treasures that you find something lovely to look at wherever you go—on the streets, on the walls of the houses, both outer and inner, on doors, windows, or towers—in fact, everywhere.

Of course Dresden cannot quite compare with the Italian art city, but the Dresden gallery contains some of the finest paintings in the world. Many of these pictures



MOURNING JEWS—BENDEMAN

were painted in Florence, too, for that matter, and as artists come there in great numbers to study these wonderful pictures, the art academy was thought to be a necessity.

So when young Bendemann began to show so much artistic promise, the King of Saxony thought it would be of great advantage to have this distinguished painter at the academy, and Eduard Bendemann was accordingly offered a professorship.

It was certainly an honor, and the young painter was delighted to accept it. Before long he had painted another fine picture, "Jeremiah on the Ruins of Jerusalem." This brought him much fame, and is as much admired as "The Mourning Jews." Bendemann loved to paint Bible scenes, he said of himself that he was an idyllic painter of the Old Testament, and the scenes he painted from it are many in number.

There were other old stories, too, that attracted him, and when the King asked him to decorate the throne room and ballroom of the royal palace, Bendemann decorated the former with frescoes of lawgivers and princes and added a frieze, giving the history of the civilization of man—the savage, dwelling in caves and hunting with a rude spear; the tent dweller, pasturing his flocks and herds and leading a more gentle life; the husbandman, tilling the soil and making it yield its fruits, and the craftsman, weaving, working clay and iron and building houses and walls.

The ballroom was made beautiful with pictures of a different kind. Here the artist told some of the old Greek tales. The hero Ulysses was seen in the various adventures that befell him after the fall of Troy. There was the one-



LEWIS LED INTO CAPTIVITY BY THE ROMANS

eyed Polyphemus, who shut the captured Greeks up in his cave and devoured a couple of them every day. But the wily Ulysses was too clever for him; pointing a great mast, he hid it in a corner of the cave, and then, in the evening, when the giant was drinking goat's milk, Ulysses offered him some wine. Polyphemus, who had never tasted anything so good, took too much, and fell asleep. Then Ulysses and his companions heated the end of the mast in the embers of the fire, and then, plunging it into the eye of the Cyclops, blinded him. Look up your Greek tales and you will find by what a clever ruse Ulysses saved his life and that of his companions; how they got off the island and what further adventures went to make up the ten years that Ulysses spent on the homeward journey to his kingdom of Ithaca.

Here his Queen, the faithful Penelope, had troubles enough of her own, and Ulysses, on his return had first to fight all the suitors, who in his absence had been living at his expense and trying to win Penelope into choosing one of their number to be king in the stead of Ulysses, who, they all felt sure, had perished by the way.

This story Eduard Bendemann has painted on the walls of the ballroom, and if you were to see it you would be sure to exclaim:

“Why, there is Penelope weaving the mantle by day and unraveling it each night; there is the old nurse; there is Eumaeus, the swineherd, and with him the faithful dog Argus, who was so glad to see his dear master,” and the whole story would seem to you most real.

One great picture, perhaps one of Bendemann's greatest, was “The Jews Being Led into Captivity.” This was painted in 1872, and is now in the National gallery at

Berlin. The painting is full of figures, and like all of the artist's works, is pleasing and harmonious in all its parts. One could look at it for hours and never tire.

After Bendemann had been in Dresden for a while, the old academy at Dusseldorf, where he had studied when a youth, asked him to come and be its Director, for those were its palmy days, when artists from all four quarters of the globe met in the pretty city on the Rhine. Bendemann accepted the call, and remained at the head of affairs for quite a number of years.

At last, however, his health became bad and he felt obliged to retire. He was still able to paint, though, and many fine pictures added to his fame. There was one called "The Harvest," another "The Shepherd and Shepherdess," both most lovely and graceful.

He also painted the young daughters of a Servian Prince as the characters of a Servian folksong. Lessing's great play, "Nathan the Wise," also inspired Eduard Bendemann and led him to paint some fine pictures from this exquisite story.

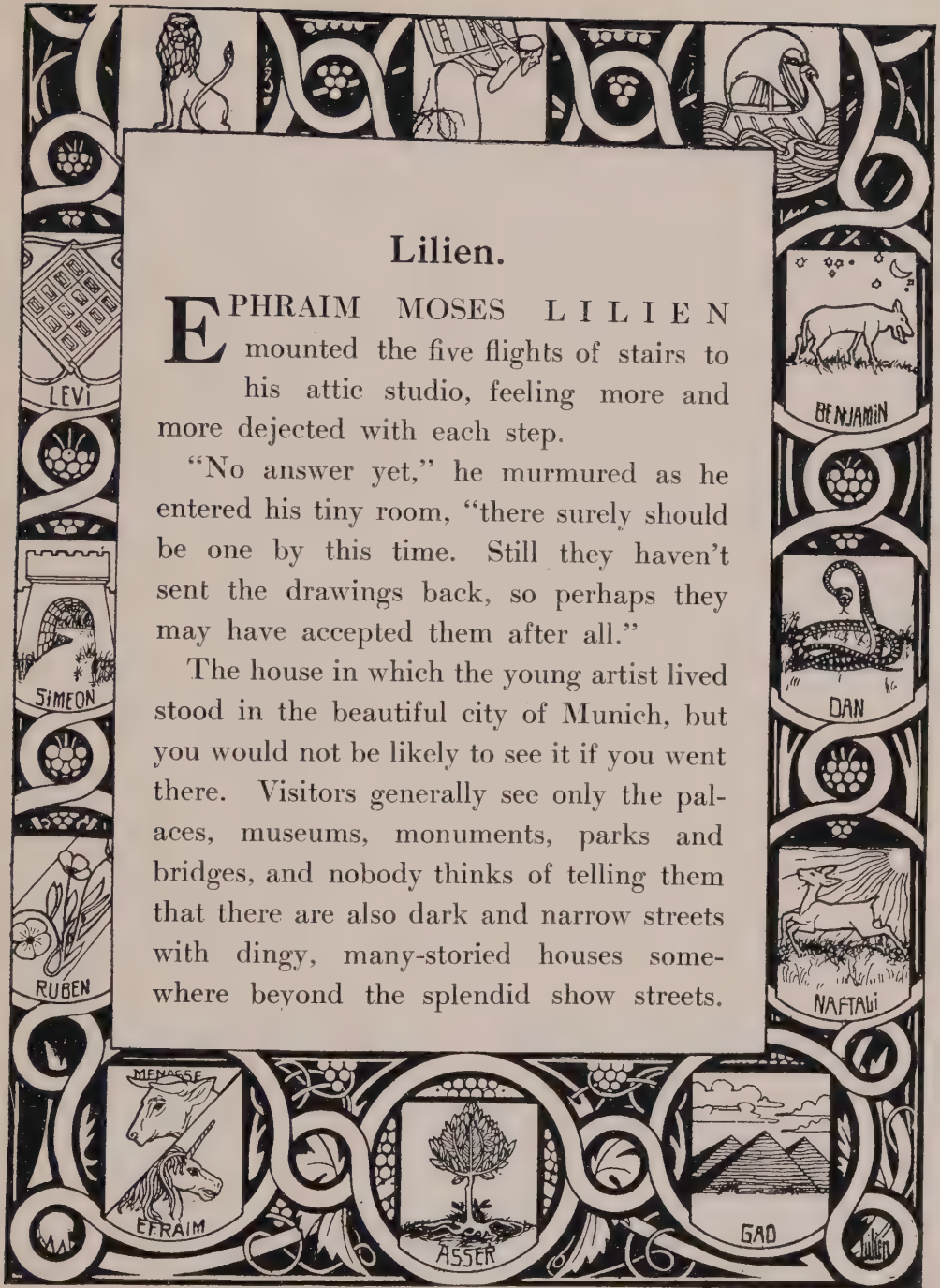
Twenty years ago (in 1889) this great and good man died, and the many painters who have shown us their pictures since then have made us forget his name—for a little while, it may be—but we feel quite sure that anyone who has had the good fortune to look upon his pictures will be impressed, knowing at once that he has seen the work of a famous painter, and one, too, who grows dearer the more you study him.

Lilien.

EPHRAIM MOSES LIL I E N mounted the five flights of stairs to his attic studio, feeling more and more dejected with each step.

"No answer yet," he murmured as he entered his tiny room, "there surely should be one by this time. Still they haven't sent the drawings back, so perhaps they may have accepted them after all."

The house in which the young artist lived stood in the beautiful city of Munich, but you would not be likely to see it if you went there. Visitors generally see only the palaces, museums, monuments, parks and bridges, and nobody thinks of telling them that there are also dark and narrow streets with dingy, many-storied houses somewhere beyond the splendid show streets.



THE TWELVE TRIBES—LILIEN

Still, the dingy house and the attic did not trouble young Lilien, although it was a wearisome climb down and up the five flights every time you wanted to know whether the postman had put anything into the letter box



MY BOY—LILIEN

down near the door. The attic, to be sure, was small and the walls sloped, but you could see a bit of sky beyond the chimney pots. Besides, there was comfort in the thought that some of the world's greatest men have made names for themselves in just such attic rooms, and

when they came to live in palaces later on, have delighted in telling about some of the adventures which befell them when they were so high up in the world.

So when it came to eating dry bread in order to buy paints and brushes, and wrapping himself up in the bed clothes when the winter fuel gave out, Lilien accepted these matters as part of an artist's career. He would even have emulated a certain French writer, who, during a period of great want, laid snares and caught the unsuspecting sparrows that hopped about in the gutters just outside his window.

No, these things did not trouble the young artist. But it was hard to think that he should have come to Munich, where he hoped to continue his art studies, only to find that he could not enter the Academy because he had not enough money to pay the tuition fee. This had been a bitter disappointment indeed and he told one of his artist friends about it.

"It does seem hard, and if I had the money I should gladly lend it to you," said the sympathetic friend.

"I am afraid I shall have to go back to Poland," said Lilien, "and dear me, Drohobycz is such a small place that I shall have to take up sign painting again, if I want to earn my crust."

"Now don't think of anything as foolish as that," replied the friend, who was almost as poor as Lilien himself, but who took things more lightly. "People have learned to draw without the Academy, so just keep up your courage and work your own way; everybody shouldn't draw in the same manner."

"You are right," said Lilien. "I'll stick it out, even though I must paint signs to help things along."

So, the young artist, much comforted by his friend's words, retired to his attic and tried his best. After a while he found that his strength lay in book illustration. With a few lines he could draw a most expressive figure; a touch here showed the wind in the trees; a city arose at the command of a few strokes from his pen.

"Full of life and action," cried his friends. "Your title pages and borders should bring you in a fortune." But alas! they were not the persons who had the fortune to bestow.

One day Lilien packed up a few of his designs and sent them to a Munich publication. Then he trotted up and down stairs a dozen times a day, to see whether the letter box held the answer. But day after day passed by and the letter box remained distressingly empty.

Today it had been the same, and Lilien was beginning to wonder why the sketches did not come back, if they were not wanted. Meanwhile he felt the need of breakfast; so he went to his cupboard, which really must have been the one that once stood in Mother Hubbard's cottage, for you couldn't find such a thing as a piece of meat or a nice marrowbone in it. A piece of dry bread was there, though, and this, with a cup of thin coffee made on the little oil stove, provided a meal, such as it was.

"Now," remarked the artist, much cheered up by his repast, "I must hurry and finish these advertising sketches, for I need some money for paper and India ink."

By and by the sketches were finished; they were very pretty and worthy of a better cause, but still it was better to do this kind of work than the signs of old, and Lilien looked upon it as a sort of practice work, for each line made his hand more sure and perfect. Then he put on



ISAIAH—LILIE

his hat and sallied forth to carry the pictures to their destination.

As he passed through the city, he feasted his eyes on the beauty of line and form about him and the sounds and sights suggested all sorts of pictures to his mind.

He stood on the bridge and looked at the reflections in the water. Something reminded him of his home in far-away Poland. He saw the little town in Galicia, in which he passed his childhood; the houses were small and dark and most of the people were poor. He remembered his father's little shop and the turning lathe upon which so many wooden articles were made; he used to turn one out himself once in a while, and how proud he was when his father praised him! And the market days, dear me; how the sleepy little place changed when the farmers from far and near came rumbling into the market place; gingerbread, geese, clothes, wooden shoes, beautiful leather boots with tassels and embroidery, sheepskin coats, potatoes, cabbage—everything was there—and everybody was there to see and buy; then, when night came, the carts would all rumble away, the peddlers would steal off with their packs and Drohobycz would go to sleep again until next market day.

Sometimes he and the other boys would leave the town and explore the country; it was mostly flat, covered with heath, and stretched away for miles; sometimes they found a little brook and waded in it; or they feasted on berries and wild plums. But the winter time—it was coming on now in Munich, and Lilien hated to think of the cold and slush and the cost of fuel—but in those old days, the vast plain was one shimmering sheet of white and the sleighbells tinkled on the frosty air as the sleighs

went by. Then Ephraim and his schoolmates would tie their sleds on behind and away they would glide over the snow, until they found another sleigh to take them back.

Then the wood turner's son found an old magazine full of pictures and he tried to copy them; and his mother



MUSIC—LILIEN

read him Bible stories, and he tried to draw them; by and by he found out how to hold his pencil and the more he drew the more he longed to become an artist. To do this, however, he felt that he must go to Lemberg, where there was an art school. So he pinched and saved, drew embroidery designs for magazines, and painted inn, and

bootmaker, and other signs in order to begin his art education.

Art students all follow the same routine; they draw from objects, casts and life, and spend many dreary hours over their drawing boards before they master their craft. So too, Ephraim Moses Lilien. Sometimes he felt that he would never be able to do anything worth while; then again he knew he was going to succeed. His masters praised him, and he went for a while to Cracow, where there was a good master, then to Vienna. Each of these places was larger than the last, in each he learned more and more, but all the while he kept thinking of Munich, where there were so many artists and so many art treasures besides.

All these things passed through the artist's mind as he leaned upon the parapet.

"What do you see down there?" cried a voice in his ear.

Lilien looked up and saw his friend the poet.

"Well, old man," continued the new comer, "I am glad to find that you are getting on so well."

"Getting on well?" echoed Lilien, much surprised.

"Why, yes, to be sure. I was just in the office of the editor of *Jugend*, the new magazine, you know, and he showed me some of your sketches. 'Look at these,' he said, 'here is work of promise.'"

"I'm glad to hear it." replied Lilien, "for I have been wondering what had become of those sketches. Do you think he is going to take them?"

"Take them?" cried the friend. "Why, of course he will, and more too; and now I want you to come with me. I have written some poems that I want to show you, for you are just the person to illustrate them."



AUTUMN LEAVES—LILIEN

So the two went off together to the poet's pleasant rooms, and Lilien listened to the beautiful verses. No wonder they delighted him, for they were all on Jewish history, and the most wonderful visions rose before his eyes as the reading went on.

Yes, indeed he would illustrate the poems, and he could hardly wait until he got home to begin the work.

The poems are beautiful, but the drawings are even lovelier. There is the picture of the prophet Isaiah, walking in the grove, with the walls and roofs of Zion in the distance. The prophet is sorrowing over the ruin that shall come upon the fair city; the gay dancers will not listen to his warnings and keep up their merry rounds, although the wind of the coming storm is already bending the tree tops. This is only one of the pictures in the book "Juda;" the others are just as interesting. There are also the most wonderful borders full of Jewish symbolism; this one bears the names and symbols of the twelve tribes; another illustrates the ten commandments; here are others with candlesticks, scrolls, crowns, priests and the rainbow; one can look for hours and still discover new beauties.

When Lilien at length returned home with a fresh supply of pens, ink and paper, he found a letter in the letter box. His sketches had been accepted and the "Jugend" desired many more. This made him very happy, for now he felt that he had a chance to show what he could do. He looked about his little room, with its narrow, hard bed, the little table and the single chair, and thought it a most lovely place. Then he rushed down all the five flights of stairs and bought some supplies for that empty cupboard. Next he hunted up his old artist friend, who



SYMBOLS—LILIEN

had so often encouraged him and who was quite ready to come with Lilien and have a nice supper.

After supper they both drew some humorous pictures. Lilien's told the story of Reb Schmul and Reb Manasse. Reb Manasse told his friend that he was going to the town of Brody; should he carry a message?

"Oh, yes," replied Reb Schmul, "my wife is at Brody, and I want to send her fifty guildens. Will you take them for me?"

"Certainly," replied Reb Manasse, "but you must pay me for my trouble."

"Yes," said the other, "you may keep one gulden."

But Reb Manasse said that was not enough, and they had a long and violent dispute over the matter.

At length Reb Schmul had an idea and he said:

"Very well, take the guildens to Esther and give her as many as you wish."

Reb Manasse said he would do this. In due time he reached his destination and, calling on Esther, said:

"Reb Schmul gave me fifty guildens and told me to give you as many as I wished; here is one gulden for you."

Hereat Esther raised a great outcry, but Reb Manasse declared himself to be in the right.

At last Esther took the matter before the Rabbi, who heard both sides of the story. Pondering a while he at last said:

"Ah, I see. Reb Schmul said you should give her as many as you wished?"

"Yes," cried Reb Manasse.

"Well, give her the forty-nine guildens, for it seems that you wished for that many."

Reb Manasse protested, but the Rabbi had spoken.

This little story amused the two friends and many other people, too, for now all of Lilien's drawings began to be asked for, and his littered-up table threatened to become quite bare.

Before long Lilien said goodbye to his attic, and now he has a delightful studio filled with all manner of interesting things. But he is still the old Lilien, a dreamer of dreams, and he has embodied one of these, his most cherished one, in some beautiful pictures. In the old days, when he walked about in the Ghettos of Vienna and other cities, his heart felt sad for his people and he wished they might be led back to their old home in Palestine.

"There we might cultivate the soil and build cities, as did our fathers of old," was his thought and that of some of his friends, and his pictures of "Homeless," "Autumn Leaves," and the one in which the sun is rising upon the work of the farmer are but variations of this thought.

Ephraim Moses Lilien is still a young man and much of his work is yet before him, so we can expect another pleasant surprise every time we see his name.

LIEBERMANN

EVER so many years ago, fifty at the very least, there lived in the city of Berlin a bright-eyed little boy named Max Liebermann. Little Max's parents were rich and they did everything in their power to make his childhood pleasant. His playroom was filled with costly toys and beautiful picture books; in the summer they took him to the country or to the seashore, and when they came back to the city in the autumn, they sent him out every day, after his lessons were done, to walk in the beautiful avenue, Unter den Linden, or in the still more beautiful park, the Tiergarten.

All this was most delightful and little Max was very happy. Once in a while, however, he could not help envying some of the other boys, whose fathers could not afford to let them take so many extra lessons. They did not have to stay indoors and study French and English and music while the bright autumn sun made the park so pleasant. or when the crisp white snow was just right for coasting. Every once in a while, however, he did find time, in spite of his many duties, to try his new sled and newer skates in their company, and they were all very happy together.

If Max tired of some of his tasks, his drawing lessons were not of the number. No, indeed, he never felt weary nor had a headache when the drawing master came. He loved his paint box, too, best of all his toys, and on rainy days, or when he had a cold, he would paint by the hour.

His mother was proud of the little pictures he made and would show them to her friends. The ladies would always look pleased and say: "Max will surely be an artist when he grows up."

Max thought so too, and when the time came for him to go to the university he told his father that he would



A COLD DAY—LIEBERMANN

rather go to the Art Academy instead. His father shook his head—artists' fathers nearly always do—and said:

"Nonsense, Max: just because you have a little talent you think you must become an artist. You are used to comfort and plenty and artists nearly always have a hard time. Suppose you love your pictures, and people not alone will not buy them, but laugh at them into the bargain

and say unkind things. This happens every day, and I know it would make you unhappy. No, my boy; follow my advice and take up a more practical profession.”

This long sermon did not quite convince Max Liebermann, but he loved his father and concluded to obey him. So he went to the university and took up the study of philosophy. He was a quick scholar and by and by he found that he could follow his studies and still have time enough left to do some work at the art academy. At the end of the year he showed his father what he had been doing. The work was very good, and the teachers at the academy said that it would be a great pity not to let young Max become an artist.

“Well, then,” said Max’s father, “I suppose I might as well give in.”

There was no happier lad in all Berlin than Max Liebermann, when his father had said this. He gave up the university and entered the studio of the painter Steffeck. Here he learned the things which every painter must know in order to do good work; one of these is to draw correctly, another is how to put together the different parts of a picture.

Master Steffeck was painting a great battle scene, full of horses and soldiers, and he felt so pleased with his pupil that he allowed him to help. How pleased Max was when he squeezed the paint tubes and set the colors in order around his palette, filled his oil-cup, took up his brushes and began to paint, first a flashing saber, then a burnished helmet, and so on, until his master and he had finished the great painting between them.

About this time, however, Max Liebermann heard of another teacher, who was even better than his own master,

and, as he wanted to learn all he could, he went to the city of Weimar, where the new teacher lived. He certainly learned a great deal from Master Pauwels, just as he had from Master Steffeck, yet, somehow or other, Max Liebermann could not paint in quite the same manner as his teachers. He saw things in a different way, even though he tried to follow them. In this he was very much like Rembrandt and Josef Israels, who both of them learned much from their masters and yet painted in a manner quite unlike theirs.

One day Max Liebermann was taking a walk near Weimar. He had just gotten over a slight illness which had kept him in the house for some time. "How good it feels to be out in the fresh air once more," he thought, "and how bright and pleasant everything looks." Just then his eyes fell upon a group of peasants, hard at work in a field nearby.

"I have it!" he cried. "I have it! Work is what I shall paint; there is beauty in work and there is strength, and it shall be my task to show other people what I see."

Then he set to work and painted a large picture called, "The Geese Pickers." When it was finished, he felt it to be so good that he decided to send it to the picture exhibition. But very few of the people who came to look at it understood what he was trying to tell them with his brush.

"Dear me," they would exclaim, "what a subject for a picture! A lot of ugly old women plucking geese. What a black, smoky room, too! Who would think of making a picture of such things?"

When he heard all this Max Liebermann remembered what his father had said:

"Those that do not understand will say unkind things."



GOOSE PICKERS—LIEBERMANN

This made him feel discouraged and unhappy, but the other artists told him not to mind; his picture was one to be proud of, and some day other people would find it out, too. Then Max Liebermann felt comforted, and one day an art lover, who saw things as the artists do, liked the picture well enough to buy it.

“Now,” said the young painter, “I shall take this money and go to the magic forest and study some more. The way to this forest lay through the beautiful city of Paris, and when Max Liebermann got there he forgot his quest for a little while and almost imagined himself in Fairyland. So he went about among the dazzling shops and spent hours and hours in the museums and galleries, and he looked upon much that was wonderful and beautiful. But after a while the trees in the parks reminded him of the forest he had come to seek, and so, one day, he said goodbye to Paris and went along the road that led to the forest of Fontainebleau.

This forest was a remarkable place, and no wonder Max Liebermann wanted to go there. It stretched away for miles and miles, and deep in its heart nestled a famous little village, where lived the great artists who worked such magic with their brushes that all the world has come to know and love the silent forest glades, the great, fine oaks, the silvery pools on whose banks nymphs and fairies seem to dance, and, best of all, the village of Barbizon itself, with its houses and fields and busy laborers. Many of these scenes Max Liebermann had seen in picture exhibitions in Berlin. In Paris he beheld still more, and as he journeyed along the road and passed under the giant trees, or saw the blue sky reflected in the “Fairy Pool,” or came upon the strange rocky gorges which

make some parts of the forest seem so wild, he knew he had come to the land of enchantment, and felt that he should bear away with him some of its magic.

Then he came upon the village of Barbizon, stretching with its one street of vine-covered stone houses between the forest and the plain beyond. Some of the great painters were no longer there, but their houses were still pointed out, and their faces too, set in medallions in the old cow-gate which they had made famous. And out in the fields the sowers and reapers and gleaners were still at work, according to the season, and Max Liebermann came to love the strength and beauty of toil more and more, and little by little to discover the secret of making it appear beautiful to other people too.

A magician is a person who can do things that cause people to wonder at his skill. The great old forest had made magicians of the artists who came under the spell of its charm and quiet. Max Liebermann now became such a magician, too, and when he painted his great picture of "The Workers in the Turnip Field," he had found out the secret of making other people feel his power. People who saw this picture no longer wondered at the commonplace subject of hoeing a field; they became one with the workers, and felt strong or weary, as they gazed upon the men and women busy with their task, and noted the vigor or weariness of their figures and faces.

Max Liebermann has always liked to paint children; there is the little sister holding up her fat baby brother; there are the little orphan girls, sitting in the garden and learning to sew; there are other little girls setting out for school and there are also some dear, fat little babies among his pictures.

Once he began a picture of the Tiergarten in which he used to play as a little boy, and the youngster trundling his hoop may have been a memory of himself.

The more pictures young Liebermann painted, the more he loved to make them scenes from the simple life.



BROTHER AND SISTER—LIEBERMANN

Each one is a little song in praise of labor. We can all see the shoemaker or the weaver at work, or a lot of merry girls coming up the street on a bright morning just as well as the poet or the painter, only the poet and painter view them differently and when we read the poem we feel, and when we look at the picture we see, that the plain everyday happenings of life are often interesting, after all, and full of gentle beauty.

This is why the forest painters and Rembrandt, Josef Israels and Max Liebermann are great artists. They did not paint the things that everybody called beautiful, but they found and showed beauty where no one had suspected it. For this reason Liebermann's "Flax Shed at Laren," his "Old Woman Darning," his "Shoemakers" and his "Weavers" are such fine pictures. The people in them are all poor and we peep into very lowly homes or workshops. But we do not feel sad as we watch them, for they are not trying to steal our pity by looking unhappy, or bowed down with toil. In fact, they do not notice us at all, but just keep on with their tasks, for they represent labor, and labor is a great and glorious force. It builds up powerful cities and empires, and the little things help just as much as the great.

These pictures all represent indoor happenings and the artist has not painted them so that we see everything at once, but by letting a ray of light strike a spot here, and a shadow half hide an object there, we get an impression such as a first glance gives us, and have to look again and again for more. But his people are not always to be found indoors. Sometimes they are in the garden, as the "Old Men's Home" and "The Orphan Girls" show us; sometimes they are on the seashore, as in "The Net Menders," or in parks, as in "The Tiergarten" and the "Munich Garden Concert." All of these pictures contain many figures and one must study them a long time to find all they hold.

While Max Liebermann was still a little boy, he often sat on a bench in the Tiergarten and watched the spring sunshine dart through the green leaves overhead. How it rippled and gleamed, and filled the air with a golden



BEER GARDEN AT BRANNENBURG—LIEBERMANN

glow! When he grew older and began to paint he still admired the dancing rays and by and by he tried to put them into a picture. It was not an easy thing to do, but at last he succeeded and the picture called "Beer Garden in Brannenburg" was the result. Here we see a gay crowd gathered beneath a group of fine old beeches. It is a bright, sunny day, evidently a holiday, to judge by the number of people, all in their Sunday best. When we first glance at the picture, however, we see only the bright, joyous, shimmering, golden-green sunlight breaking through the trees and filling the whole place with its warm glow. Then, suddenly, we see a white collar here, a smiling face there, a dark coat further on, and we find ourselves in the company of villagers and city guests, and then we remember that Brannenburg is a famous resort. This picture now hangs in the Luxembourg gallery, having been bought by the French government to add to its collection of famous paintings.

Although Max Liebermann loved beautiful Paris, and the lovely forest of Fontainebleau was very dear to him, he returned to Berlin to live, for he said:

"Home is the best place after all."

There he lives to this day and his native city is pleased thereat, and very proud of him, too.

However, he does not stay at home all the time. He is still as fond of seeing the world as ever, and one of the places he loves most to visit is Holland. There are two friends of his there that he likes to call upon. One of these is Rembrandt, whom, of course, he can only find in the galleries; the other is Josef Israëls, whom he met many years ago, and who is still there to talk with him.

Together they like to walk about the dunes and watch



WOMAN WITH GOATS -LIEBERMANN

the gray sea beyond, while they discuss the pictures they and their friends have been painting.

Holland, too, has furnished Max Liebermann with subjects for some of his finest pictures. The quiet life of the people there, the subdued colors of the landscape, the soft grays and pale greens and yellows attract him very much. So one finds pictures like "In the Dunes," "A Dutch Interior," "Dutch Sewing School" and many scenes from Leyden and Amsterdam among his works. One very famous one, "The Woman With the Goats," shows a woman crossing the dunes with her two goats—a very simple subject, but a remarkable picture, which gives a vivid impression of the great rolling sand dunes and of the lonely life of the people who live there and pasture their cows or goats on the sparse, pale sea grass.



CHILDREN—LEIBERMANN

SIR MOSES EZEKIEL.

I

IN THE BATHS OF DIOCLETIAN.

SOMETHING like sixteen hundred years ago one of the Roman emperors decided to put up some buildings that should be a lasting monument to the glory of his name. Before they were quite finished, however, the great ruler had been forced to abdicate, along with another emperor who had been associated with him. Maximian, the joint-emperor, had helped put up the buildings, too, but the other emperor succeeded in naming them, and the Baths of Diocletian they are called to this very day.

Diocletian pulled down beautiful villas, graceful temples, walls and towers, to get sufficient space for the baths, which covered a vast territory. When they were completed, in the year 306, they contained 3,000 marble basins, a great swimming pool, gardens, gymnasia, clubrooms and a library. In time, however, the Roman empire came to an end, and in the wars with the Goths many fine buildings were destroyed and laid in ruins, and the Baths of Diocletian suffered with the rest.

Long years afterwards some monks built among the ruins, and later still the great artist, Michelangelo, built over a part into a church. But even this was long ago, and as Rome is full of interesting ruins, people in later times paid little attention to the once so famous Baths.

All at once, in the nineteenth century, however, people began to find ruins extremely interesting; you were so apt to find wonderful things hidden away in their depths. So they began digging up old Rome and filling museums, and writing books on what they found. The Baths of Diocletian were explored in their turn. Michelangelo's part was made into a museum, streets and gardens were laid out in the desolate portions, and hotels, palaces and other habitations built up among the walls and arches still remaining.

But another interest attaches to these ruins. When the visitor to Rome crosses the Piazza di Termini, where the silvery fountain sparkles in the sun, he pauses before a small iron gate. Behind it a little stairway, all canopied over by vines and blossoms, nestles closely against the soft gray walls and leads to a leafy terrace above. The gate is locked, but if you have the secret it will open at your ring and the porter will let you enter and mount. Once on top, you may pause a moment for the view, and watch the doves, whose nests cling to the walls, flit about against the deep blue sky, but very soon you will want to enter the door before you.

Ah! what a great, lofty room, and what wonderful statues round about! Have we stepped from the lively twentieth century, in the Piazza di Termini below, into the past, sleeping for ages behind the great stone walls? Yes, in part; the tiles on which we stand are sixteen centuries old, but the statues are new, for we are in the studio of Sir Moses Ezekiel, and the figures round about are his work. Did he ever in the old days, when he cut out little shadow pictures for his schoolmates, or later, when he weighed out sugar and cornmeal in the grocery store,



RELIGIOUS LIBERTY—MOSES EZEKIEL
In Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. Erected by the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith

while he longed to be an artist—did he ever dream that there could be anything as lovely as this studio? He laughs about those old memories now, although they are not forgotten, and he has a kindly smile for just such little boys, as he was one in the days of long ago.

This beautiful studio which the city of Rome has allowed him to set up in the Baths of Diocletian is Sir Moses Ezekiel's playroom, where he receives his visitors, from kings and queens down to little brown peasant children. We shall attend a party there, too, before long, but today we are going to visit his workroom, where the chiseling is done and where the unfinished marble blocks are lying about.

This workroom is another vast apartment built up in the ruins. Great columns seventy-five feet high support the ceiling. A large window has been placed between the arches and an enormous stove sheds warmth within the otherwise cold walls.

Here the great sculptor, clad in his linen working clothes, has spent some of his happiest hours and wrought some of his finest works.

In his early Roman days Ezekiel made the famous group of "Religious Liberty," which now stands in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, where it was unveiled during the Centennial Exposition in 1876. The group was a tribute which the B'nai B'rith offered to the celebration of American independence.

Liberty, a splendid female figure, clad in long, flowing Greek robes, yet wearing a coat of mail against the shaft of tyranny, is holding a protecting hand over her people. By her side stands the genius of "Faith," a handsome youth bearing the torch of enlightenment, while at her feet

the American eagle crushes the serpent of oppression and discord.

Surrounding the walls of the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington are a number of niches. They are just the thing for statues, so Sir Moses was asked to fill them. Then for a time came busy days in the Baths of Diocletian. Day by day the marble chips flew about, until one after another the great artists of the world were ready to step into the spaces ready to receive them. There they stand: Phidias, Raphael, Durer, Michelangelo, Titian, Murillo, Da Vinci, Canova, Rembrandt, Rubens—all old masters, the greatest the world has known, and with them he placed one modern, the American sculptor, Thomas Crawford, who made the statue of Liberty which stands on the dome of the Capitol, at Washington.

Princes and kings have sat to Ezekiel and delight to have his work in their palaces. They like to come to his studio, too, and chat with him over a cup of tea. Sometimes, too, he has queer visitors, who can not read in a picture or a statue all that it has to tell. On one of these occasions Sir Moses, clad in his working garments and bearing plaster and clay stains about his person, answered a summons at the iron gate himself.

There stood some people who were sight-seeing in Rome, and who felt it their duty to see everything that the guide book mentioned.

“We have come to see the Baths of Diocletian,” said they, pushing their way in and mounting the steps. Sir Moses Ezekiel followed them, for he saw at a glance that they took him for a custodian. He felt it to be a great joke, so he took them about and answered all their questions. When they reached the workroom they looked at

the plaster cast of Eve, the bust of Cardinal Hohenlohe, and the Jefferson monument, in evident delight.

"Oh, look!" exclaimed one of them. "Here are the statues they found in the excavations. Isn't it a wonder that they were not broken!"

II

A GREEK TALE.

THE sculptor Ezekiel was hard at work in his studio one fine summer morning. He had been out in the country some time before, and passing a pond had stopped to listen to the sighing of the wind among the reeds that lined its banks. It was a sweet and plaintive sound and it brought to his mind the story of Pan and his wonderful pipe. So this morning he took up a lump of clay, and, humming a little tune to himself, began to make a little figure of Pan in relief; that is, he slightly raised it from the background instead of making it all around, as in a statue.

It was very quiet in the studio, the noise from the lively piazza did not penetrate the thick walls, and Grief, the wise old dog, who understood four languages, lay sleeping in a patch of sunlight. Suddenly there came a patter of little feet across the tiled floor and a childish voice called out: "Buon giorno, signor."

"Ah; it's piccolo Luigi," cried the sculptor, smiling upon the pretty boy who stood beside him.

"Yes," smiled back the little fellow, "and here are some nice fresh eggs the hens laid for the signor this very morning," and piccolo Luigi, which is the Italian way of

saying "little Louis," uncovered his basket and showed four fine, fresh eggs lying in a nest of leaves.

Luigi was one of the pretty peasant children who sat to the sculptor as models for his cherubs and angels, and he and his companions dearly loved to visit the studio with a little gift for the beloved signor, who was so good to them and who told them such lovely stories.

Grief was glad to see piccolo Luigi, too, and he wagged his tail and got up to have a good romp with his little playmate. By and by, however, Luigi came back to watch the master at his work, for it was great fun to see the clay take shape beneath his deft fingers.

"See," said Sir Moses Ezekiel to little Luigi, as he worked:

"This is Pan, who in the old, old tales took care of the flocks and herds. He had horns and feet like a goat and sometimes he was full of mischief and would frighten people quite suddenly, which caused them to call a sudden fear a panic.

"Now, down in the reeds beside the river Ladon lived a pretty nymph who used to peep out at the queer figure on the hillside. Pan saw her and called to her to come out.

"‘Come,’ said he, ‘I shall give you a pretty lamb all for your own, and you shall have milk and curds and berries and nuts,’ but the nymph Syrinx was afraid and hid in the rushes. Then Pan sent a little Cupid as a messenger to bear her a gift of a pipe that should make sweet music, but still Syrinx would not be won.

"At last Pan came to seek her himself among the rushes. Then Syrinx was seized with a panic and hurriedly wished to be changed into a reed. Her wish was granted, and when Pan came up there stood a trembling reed, where he

had hoped to find the nymph. Then Pan in sorrow cut the reed and made from it a pipe that played the sweetest strains that were ever heard."

This was a long story, but while it was being told Luigi saw the figure of Pan growing more and more distinct, and, yes, there was the pipe, and there, too, was the little Cupid, who looked very much like Luigi himself; in fact, Sir Moses looked often at Luigi's chubby face while his fingers rounded out the cherub's dimpled features.

"And now, piccolo Luigi, its time for you to run home, but don't forget the party next Thursday," said the sculptor, when he had ended.

"Addio, signor," cried obedient Luigi as he went out, and a little while later Ezekiel pulled back the drapery from a great statue which he had just finished and which had to go across the sea to the sculptor's old home. He looked it over carefully, but he felt that another touch would spoil it, so he replaced the covering and left the studio.

On Thursday there were lively doings in the studio. It was a great holiday in Sir Moses Ezekiel's home country and he meant to have a party in its honor.

The guests were not long in arriving. You could hear them coming up the outer stairs and crossing the terrace, and a moment later they burst into the studio. In they came, the little brown peasant boys and girls, piccolo Luigi at their head. They were very well behaved, as they sat in the chair that the queen liked when she came to drink tea, and cuddled up in the old seat that was the favorite resting place of Marion Crawford, the writer, who came often to talk of his books with his friend the sculptor.

All the little folks looked with interest at the curtain

which was drawn across the studio. At last the room was darkened, the curtain was pulled back and there, gleaming in the half light, stood a wonderful statue.

Then Sir Moses stepped forward and he told his little guests about Thomas Jefferson, who had been such a good and great man that he was made president of the United States. This was his statue. The scroll in his hand was the Declaration of Independence. And Sir Moses went on to tell all about it and the Fourth of July and the Liberty Bell on which the figure of Jefferson was standing, and why the figures about the bell were called Liberty, Equality, Faith and Justice.

“And over in America the little boys and girls have great times on the Fourth of July,” Sir Moses ended his story, “and as this is the Fourth of July, we are going to have a party, too, with roman candles on the terrace later on.”

Then another curtain was drawn aside and there appeared a delightful feast, ice cream and cakes and lemonade and little gifts. How the little guests laughed and chattered over their feast and how they fed Grief, who barked in all four languages at once! At last, after the fireworks, for what would the Fourth of July be without them, the mothers came to take their little ones home, and soon quiet reigned in the studio while the soft, white moonlight stole in at the high window and silvered over the silent white figures standing round about the walls.

III

THE STUDIO TEA.

THE beautiful studio, which we know so well by this time, had been set in order and decorated, for Sir Moses Ezekiel was expecting visitors. Not piccolo Luigi and his small friends this time, but grown-ups and very grand personages at that. The Queen of Italy was coming to drink tea, a famous poet was to read part of a new poem he had just written and a number of other great and distinguished people were coming to look on and to see the statues. So the Queen's beautifully carved chair was set on a fine rug, lest the tiled floor be too cold for her feet; great bunches of pink almond blossoms were placed in the vases and Sir Moses hung up some new tapestries which had just come into his possession. Altogether it looked most harmonious and the sculptor felt pleased. Then, having given some orders about the dainty teacups to be used, he went down to his work-room, for it was still early in the day and there was something that must be finished.

He was working on a monument which was to go over seas to the city of New York. It was very handsome and Sir Moses loved to work upon it, because it commemorated the kindness of a rich man towards poor orphan children. Jesse Seligman was the name of this good man and the monument was to adorn the home of the orphans he had befriended. No wonder, then, that Sir Moses Ezekiel, who was so fond of children himself, should love to linger

over his task, and especially over the figure of the little orphan girl, which was to be one of those to adorn the base of the monument. She is a sweet-faced little girl, with a pathetic expression, and she bears in her hands an inscribed papyrus. As you look upon her your heart warms towards her and all the other little fatherless and motherless children, and this is what the sculptor meant for the little figure to do. If ever you go to New York, be sure to stop at the Jewish Orphan Asylum and have a good look at her.

Sir Moses had worked hard that day, so when the company came at last, no one enjoyed a little recreation more than he. His dark eyes sparkled with merriment and he chatted with his guests in German, French, Italian and English, and could have greeted a few more foreigners in their own tongues had they been there.

Then, when all the guests had assembled, tea was passed around and every one became very quiet, for the poet was beginning to read. His poem was about Mother Eve and told what sorrow came upon her when she sinned and had to leave the Garden of Eden. Poor Eve, how she regretted what she had lost, and how she longed for the fresh shade of Eden's groves and its cooling fruits and waters, when the hot air of the wilderness blew about her, and thorns and thistles beset her and Adam's path! At last, however, she determined to do her best and make her home as near an Eden as she could, and although her children caused her much grief and sorrow, yet, in the end, she and Adam at last obtained forgiveness and happiness and found that even this stormy and thorny old earth can yield some joys, after all.

"Bravo! Bravo!" cried everybody when the poet had

finished, and then, with one accord they all turned to look for the plaster model of Eve which used to stand in the studio, for they all knew that the poet had been thinking of it when he wrote his poem. Artists and poets do this sort of thing very often, and so, for that matter, do musicians, too. The poet finds inspiration in a statue or a picture, the artist in a story or poem, and the musician in both.

But now, when they looked for Eve she was gone.

“Do you want to see her?” laughed Ezekiel; “come to the workroom, then.”

Everybody, even the Queen, although royal personages are not supposed to be curious, made haste to reach the workroom. There stood the model of Eve and there, too, stood the Eve in marble.

“Take a look at her,” cried the sculptor, “for in a few days she leaves Rome forever. Her new home is to be in the palace of Sans Souci at Potsdam, for she belongs to the Emperor of Germany.”

This was not the last time that Ezekiel made his Eve. In the Art Museum at Cincinnati she may be seen in bronze, and there are smaller replicas of the same statue, both in bronze and marble, in various other collections.

But now the visitors began to look at the other things in the workroom. They marvelled over the Seligman monument and the Queen and the rest of the ladies were delighted with the little orphan girl. The Neptune fountain for the city of Nettuno in Italy was also under way, although the sandstone was still rough and the design barely blocked out. Sculptors and painters do not like to have visitors see their unfinished work, so Sir Moses tried to attract their attention to something else, and by and by he managed to get them back into the upper studio,



AN ORPHAN

One of the bronze figures, Seligman Monument, Jewish Orphan Asylum, New York City

where he showed them a finished David and a number of charming reliefs.

“Where is that pretty relief of ‘Pan and Amor’ that I saw here one day?” asked the Queen.

“Oh, that went to America long ago,” said the sculptor.

“You must not send all of your work away,” said the Queen; “we want to keep some of it in Italy.”

Sir Moses knew she was only teasing when she said this, for she had some of it herself and there was and still is a great deal of his work in Rome and in other Italian cities as well.

That was the last party in the studio for some time, for a few days later Sir Moses hunted up a very precious key which had been left in his keeping and went off on a little vacation. The key opened an old and celebrated villa near Rome, and the owner had told Sir Moses to consider it his second home and to take refuge there whenever he found life in Rome getting too strenuous. He had a little studio there, too, in case any ideas came to him while he wandered by the sparkling fountains or in the clipped alleys of the formal garden.

IV

THE BLIND POET HOMER.

THE blind bard Homer traveled over land and sea, led by a boy who carried his lyre and guided his steps. No poet was ever greater than the singer of the Iliad and the Odyssey, and very few civilized people grow up without hearing his name, and most cer-

tainly every boy and girl that reads this knows the story of the siege of Troy, and the many adventures which befell Ulysses and some of the other hero Greeks on their homeward journey after Troy had fallen. Yet Homer, over whom seven cities quarreled after he was dead, had no home at all while alive. He went about from place to place and sang his stirring tales, now in the court of kings, now to a little group of listeners in the baths (the great gathering places of the ancients), now to the lonely shepherds on the hills.

Homer died ages ago; all the great Greeks, nearly all of their works of art, their very language itself have passed away, yet the artists and poets keep on singing the old hero tales over and over again, and the archaeologists keep on digging among the ruins of old Troy, and the only thing to be regretted is that Homer had such a hard time while he lived.

But although bread was hard to get, Homer was not unhappy. The kings had purple mantles and tripods and vessels of gold, but the kings had enemies, too, and often when Homer came that way again a different king sat on the throne in the columned hall. The citizen had his home and worldly goods, but Homer sometimes found a wilderness where he once had known a town; even the shepherd feared the robber and the wolf. So Homer wrapped his mantle about him and was content. When the kings and chieftains gave him chains and gold he gave them to his boy or to persons poorer than himself; when the shepherd gave him goat's milk and curds he thanked him with a song. He could no longer see the stars, but he heard the rustle of the leaves and the sounding sea. And when he sat quite still, listening to the voice of nature,

the Pan and dryads, Neptune and tritons of the old fables, his boy would sit at his feet and look up into his face with a rapt expression, for he knew that when next they stopped on their way there would be a new and wonderful tale.

Some such thoughts as these had long haunted the sculptor Ezekiel as he fingered over his Homer and thought over the pictures he presented to the artist, and the statues he suggested to the sculptor. The Laocoon group in Rome and the Iphigenia wall painting in Pompeii were two which he had lately revisited. So, after a while, he began to think more and more of Homer and pictured to himself how he looked, and the next thing, of course, was a lump of clay which took on the shape of the blind poet. It would get on beautifully for a while, then Sir Moses would say: "This will never do," and work it into a lump again. After a time, however, he succeeded in mastering his idea and the model for his "Homer and his Egyptian Guide" stood in the workroom ready to be cast in bronze.

The sculptor's friends were allowed a look at it, and they admired it very much indeed. The bronze statue was even more beautiful and when Mr. Simpson of New York, saw it he immediately bought it.

"Now," said this gentleman, "I might be selfish and keep this beautiful group all to myself and place it where only a few friends might see it. But as Homer belongs to all the world and the college world in particular, I want you to suggest a college before which it could be set up and where it might thus inspire a love for Greek culture and for art, too, in countless generations of students."

Sir Moses Ezekiel promised to think the matter over.



HOMER AND GUIDE — EZEKIEL

Meanwhile the group adorned the sculptor's studio and many visitors begged to keep it there a little longer until some of their friends could see it.

One day an American author, and a Virginian to boot, called on Sir Moses, partly because he was a famous sculptor and partly because he was a Virginian, too. They waxed very enthusiastic over their old home, and before the visit ended it was decided that the University of Virginia should have the honor of receiving the gift.

So once more old Homer set out on his travels, this time to cross the sea to a land of which he had never heard, but where his name is no less familiar than in his own native isle of Scio. Then one day, or, to be exact, on June 10, 1907, many people gathered about old historic Cabell Hall, one of the buildings of the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville. It was a most interesting event that had brought them there, for the covered statue on the lawn was to be unveiled and dedicated with appropriate ceremonies.

When the signal was given and the drapery fell away, the spectators were thrilled at the sight of the lovely bronze group. Homer, lost in thought, is sitting by the seaside with his young and devoted guide at his feet. How the sight of it brought back memories of the happy hours spent over the poet's pages in the breasts of the many Greek scholars who stood about. And all felt proud that the sculptor who had so vividly embodied the blind old minstrel was a Virginian, and felt that it was but fitting that this masterpiece of his should grace the soil of his native state.

One of the speakers at the dedication exercises was Thomas Nelson Page, the American author who had

visited Ezekiel in Rome and had seen the Homer there. Another was Rabbi Edward N. Calisch, who had once been a poor orphan boy and whose career is a shining example of what the right sort of boy may grow into in spite of the seeming unkindness of fate.

Coming like an echo of the ceremonies, a little cablegram fluttered into the studio, where Sir Moses Ezekiel was working out some new idea to fill the place left empty by the missing Homer. Sir Moses, reading the admiring praises of his distant friends, was pleased and touched and sent back this message from his beloved Homer:

[“See, my son,] how good it is
To give th’ immortal gods their tribute due.”



RABBI ISAAC M. WISE AND SCULPTOR EZEKIEL

NOTES.

Israëls (Is'rā elz), Josef, born at Groningen, Holland, in 1824. He wanted to be a rabbi, but later turned his attention to painting. After visiting the art academy at Groningen, he went to Amsterdam and studied under Jan Kruseman. In 1845 he went to Paris and entered the studio of Paul Delaroche. The revolution of 1848 drove him back to Holland and he set up a studio in Amsterdam. A prolonged stay at the fishing village of Zandvoort opened his eyes to the beauty of the sea and the life of the humble, and he became famous through his "Cradle" and "Shipwrecked Man" exhibited in London in 1862. He has been living at the Hague since 1863. Some of his best known pictures are: "A Frugal Meal"; "The Shoemaker"; "The Sewing Class in the Orphan Asylum"; "Alone in the World"; "The Anchor"; and "Saul and David." Israëls is the recognized head of the Dutch school.

Hi'ram, or Hu'ram. 1. The king of Tyre who sent workmen and materials to Jerusalem, first to build a place for David (I Kings v. 1), and again to build the temple for Solomon, with whom he had a treaty of peace and commerce. (I Kings v. 11, 12). 2. Hiram was the name of the principal architect and engineer sent by King Hiram to Solomon, (I Kings vii. 13, 14.)

Mosler, Henry, born in New York, 1840. Came to Cincinnati as a child, and at the age of seventeen was apprenticed to a wood engraver, and somewhat later studied painting with James Beard. Became special war artist for the West, for Harper's Weekly, during the Civil War. In 1863 he went abroad, first to Dusseldorf, thence to Paris, where he came under the influence of Knaus and Breton. His subjects are mostly genre, some of them are: "The Return," 1879, in the Luxembourg; "The Tinker"; "Harvest Festival"; "Dawn of Our Flag," Corcoran Gallery; "The Wedding Feast," in the Metropolitan Museum; "The Village Clockmaker"; "Return of the Shrimpers" and "Ringling the Liberty Bell."

Veit (Vit) Philip. Born at Berlin 1793, died at Mayence in 1877. Pupil of Mathäi in Dresden. In 1813 he took part in the campaign against Napoleon. In 1815 he went to Rome, joining the artist colony which had taken up its quarters in the old monastery of San Isidoro. He helped paint the frescoes in the Villa Bartholdy, the Villa Massimi and the Vatican. About 1830 he was called to Frankfort to become director of the Staedel Institute; this position he held until 1843. Later, in 1853, he became director of the

Gallery at Mayence. He painted many frescoes and easel pictures. Among the best known are his "Influence of the Greek Arts," (Staedel Institute); "Italy," "Germany"; portraits of the emperors of the Middle Ages; "Hiding of Moses," and many portraits of celebrities and royalties.

Bendemann, Eduard Julius Friederich, born at Berlin 1811, died at Dusseldorf, 1889. A pleasing, sympathetic painter, who called himself an idyllic painter of Old Testament subjects. He went to Dusseldorf in 1827, where he soon distinguished himself. His "Ruth and Boaz" was painted in 1830. In 1832 he went to Italy for travel and study. In 1838 he was appointed Professor of Art at the art academy at Dusseldorf. He became Director of the same school in 1859, filling this post until 1867, when he resigned on account of ill health. His works are characterized by an ideal grace and beauty. Among them are "Jeremiah on the Ruins of Jerusalem" (in possession of the Emperor of Germany); "The Mourning Jews" (Cologne Museum); "The Jews Being Led into Captivity," 1872 (National Gallery, Berlin); Harvest; Shepherd and Shepherdess, and a number of mural paintings in the throne room and ballroom of the Dresden royal palace; the throne room pictures representing lawgivers and princes, with a frieze illustrating the history of the civilization of man; while the ballroom, painted in stereochrome, portrays the life of the Greeks.

Lilien, (lē'yen) Ephraim Moses, born in Drohobycz, Galicia, 1874. He painted signs in his early days. Then he became a pupil of the art academy in Lemberg, then studied under Matejko in Cracow and under Griepenkerl at the Vienna academy. In 1894 he went to Munich and five years later to Berlin. His illustrations are lyric in quality and he is much given to symbolism. Prominent among them are "Isaiah" and other scenes from Jewish life and history, contained in the book "Juda"; various book plates and many title pages and magazine illustrations.

Liebermann, (lē'ber-man) Max, distinguished painter, born at Berlin, 1849. Studied in Berlin, Weimar and in Paris, 1872, under Munkaczy. About this time he saw the works of Corot, Troyon, Daubigny and Millet and fell under their spell. After Millet's death he went to Holland, where Israëls also greatly influenced him. Returning to Germany in 1878, he devoted himself to the portrayal of scenes from daily life and steadily increased his circle of admirers. His works are realistic in the best sense. His "Beer Garden in Brannenburg" is in the Luxembourg Museum; his "Goose Pluckers" and the "Flax Shed at Laren" are in the Berlin Museum; the "Woman with the Goats" in the Munich Gallery, and the "Orphan Girls" in the Strasburg Museum. Other pictures of his are "The Turnipfield"; "Brother and Sister"; "The Shoemaker" and "The Old Men's Home at Amsterdam."

Ezekiel, Sir Moses Jacob. Born in Richmond, Virginia, 1844. He entered the Virginia Military Institute at the beginning of the Civil War and took part in the battle of Newmarket. In 1869 he went to Europe to perfect his art studies. He studied for some years at the Royal Academy of Arts in Berlin, remaining there until 1871. Somewhat later he entered the studio of Albert Wolf. Gaining the Michael Beer prize, a stipendium for two years study in Italy, he went to Rome in 1873. Italy has since been his home and he has fitted up a beautiful studio in the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian in Rome. Ezekiel's works are many, chief among them are: "Virginia Mourning her Dead," 1871; "Religious Liberty," 1876; "Eve," 1881; "Pan and Amor," 1874; Neptune Fountain, 1884; colossal statues of the great artists of the world, in the niches of the Corcoran Gallery, Washington; Homer and his Egyptian Guide; the Jefferson monument; the Seligman monument and many other important works.

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LET THERE

BE LIGHT

In memory - Charles Weil
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Ralph M. Hamburger

